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Realizing the Importance of the Stock
Interests in this State, and your willingness
to conserve it, not only here, but all over
our broad domain, we left Detroit at
6:45 A. M., and seated in one of the fine
coaches of the "old reliable" D. & N. R.
R., left the city with its busy hum from
industrial establishments, and passed out
into the broad country, through cultivated
and pasture fields, stretches of
woodland, getting glimpses of small lakes
reflecting the bright sun, passing thriving
towns and villages, and finally reached
St. Johns, in Clinton County, a distance
of 98 miles, at 10:45, where we were
met by the Hon. R. B. Caruss, who had
extended an invitation for us to visit him
and look over his herd of thoroughbred
Galloways, that your thousands of readers
might know of them, their history and
worth. The distance to his farm, five
miles, was soon passed, for we were
drawn by his splendid five-year-old Percheron
stallion, got by imp. Marc Antony, out of a three-fourths Percheron
and one-fourth Clyde mare. He is the
model of a draft horse, and possesses in a
marked degree, the characteristic type of
the Percheron, is handsome in color,
has fine action, and is proving a noble
stock getter, for we saw while in the
locality many of his colts. The afternoon
was pleasantly passed in visiting,
looking at the farm and studying pedigrees
of the herd, in which we were ably
assisted by his daughter, Miss Caruss,
whom we found a thoroughly cultivated
young lady of rare ability and attainments,
having graduated some few months ago
at the International Commercial College,
at San Francisco, with the highest honors.
We found her well posted in Galloway lore,
and willingly aiding her father in getting out
the pedigrees of the ones to be catalogued,
attending to his extensive correspondence
in modest and unassuming way. She is just
as we like to find a farmer's daughter, with a
kindly feeling for stock and love for home
and its surroundings. The Haworth Stock
farm comprises 186 acres of land, particularly
well adapted to the purpose, settled upon
when a wilderness by Mr. Caruss, and when
brought to his standard by contemplated
improvements, will be far the best in the
county. The buildings are large and ample,
as might be expected, and in good order.
We almost wish that the task of writing up
this herd had been assigned to some one more
competent, but had it been, we should have
been deprived of the privilege of seeing them
together, as 30 head of them are to be sold
at Dexter Park, Chicago, November 18th,
at time of Fat Stock Show, by the well known
stock auctioneers, Col. Judy & Son.

of milk and butter is chiefly desired, the
Channel Islands tribes seem to fulfill
those requirements better and at less cost,
their consumption of food being small.
Where a town milk supply alone is aimed
at and quantity is most in request, the
Dutch race, or, better still, the Dutch
crossed with Shorthorn sires, produces
the desired result at the lowest outlay,
but their feeding qualities are not equal
to other breeds. This is the final factor
in the problem. To what base uses may
they return? If the shambles are base,
they are inevitable and offer the ultimate
test of the flesh-forming capacity of our
stock. It may be questionable if the
Jersey exceeds the Dutch in this particular,
or if the Guernsey much surpasses
those other two races, but it is quite un-
questionable that in aptitude to fatten
and lay on flesh of fine texture rapidly
the Shorthorn and its grades—as our
American consins say—far exceed all
the other dairy breeds. This valuable
quality, in addition to their milking prop-
ensity, renders them superior to all
others for the purposes of the dairy farmer,
and all our leading dairy districts attest
this fact by using Shorthorns more or less
pure bred, or native sorts repeatedly
crossed with them. Yet so little is this
recognized, or so careless is the bucolic
mind, that any good looking mongrel is
thought good enough by most dairy
farmers to beget the future sources of
their livelihood.

INTERESTED ADVICE.

Advice is a commodity of which there
is always an overproduction. The spirit
of hoarding does not attach itself in any
sense to an individual, and penurious-
ness is a quality of the mind unknown
when advice is asked. There is also a
spirit of philanthropy in individuals that
overflows in gratuitous advice. Those
ubiquitous individuals who have "travel-
ed" have always some good advice for
every emergency. They overflow with
that kind of wisdom which, if followed
by their listeners, will, in their estima-
tion, certainly lead to opulence, while
they themselves are always on the border-
land of indigence and want. This mild
quality of wisdom in the form of advice
scarcely ever does harm, as the source is
not sufficiently trustworthy, but when in-
dividuals are uncertain in an emergency,
and much depends on the proper course
to pursue, then advice from those having
superior knowledge is of real value, when
it comes unbidden with selfishness. This
pivotal point of uncertainty is often
reached by a farmer when the product is
ready for the market, and the future is
beclouded with undefined rumors and
contradictory statistics. At this point,
the source from which advice comes
should be carefully considered. If it
comes from those whose interest will be
best subserved by handling the product,
then the advice is quite dubious at the
best, and should be taken with some al-
lowance for self interest to warp the
opinion. The advice of the *N. Y. Com-
mercial Bulletin* of a recent date is for
farmers to sell wheat at current prices.
It speaks of the loss last year of \$48,000,
000 because wheat was held too high for
export. This was a loss to the trade of
the country and is spoken of as a calamity,
but the loss to the farmer in the price
paid for the wheat is not mentioned, and
is never considered. Dollar wheat this year
is considered an absurdity, and the article
advises farmers to sell, unmindful of the
fact that wheat cannot be raised and placed
on the market for less than a dollar. While
it may be desirable that our exports be in-
creased, if they cannot be so increased ex-
cept at the farmer's expense, the results
to the country will be disastrous indeed.
If England can produce it, that settles
the question. It must not be ex-
pected by commercial papers that farmers
will continue to raise an export commodity
at a loss, out of pure magnanimity,
or because advised to do so; something
else must take the place of wheat. Taking
the seasons as they will average, farmers
this side of the territories cannot raise
wheat and sell it for a dollar a bushel
even, and make any money. It may take
farmers longer to realize the fact and to
make the change than it does men in other
avocations to stop a non-paying business,
but the change is already begun, and less
attention will be paid to wheat than for-
merly. It is safe to predict that the
present output of 500,000,000 bushels will
not be repeated another year, and if we
listen to interested advice this year and
sell "dollar wheat" for 80c or less, it will
not soon be repeated, or if it is, there
will be less loss on account of a less quan-
tity for the market. The commercial re-
ports all seem to be one-sided, and are
manipulated to influence farmers to sell,
and those who listen to their advice are
liable to be deceived.

THE EDUCATION OF OUR BOYS.

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.
An old farmer from the southwest
corner of the State of Ohio, has wandered
up this way, and enjoyed a visit at the
Michigan Agricultural College, during
Commencement week.
He is pleased with much that he has seen
on the farm, and heard in the halls of the
Agricultural College; and with your per-
mission he will talk to the readers of the
farmer's paper, since you and these pro-
fessors at the Agricultural College seem
to be working for the same end; namely,
the improvement of the minds and homes
of farmers in Michigan. Like them you do
not confine your efforts to the boundaries
of your own State. Your paper finds
readers in the southwest corner of Ohio,
and from that quarter the writer comes
to-day to see his son graduate at the
original and only thoroughbred farmers'
College in America.
Thirty young men received their diplo-
mas to-day at the hands of President Abbot,
whom they and all who know him, delight
to honor.
The themes of their orations to-day,
show, like the head-lines of your paper,
that the College is in sympathy with the
farmer and his calling. The oration by the
president's son was on Forests and
Civilization, and is a paper that every
farmer in the State would be the better
for reading.
Your correspondent can not speak in
detail of the orators and their themes; yet
he wishes to bear testimony that every
speaker's effort showed the marks of care-
ful preparation. There was a marked
absence of the spread eagle and fourth of
July pyrotechnics that blase so frequently
at College commencements. Instead of
this we had clean cut, neatly written
papers on practical themes, which could
not have been produced by other than
young men who had come daily into
close contact with nature, and had studied
facts rather than the theories and forms
of the dead past. In the expressive, con-
cise language of these orations, we have
proof that the accuracy of thought and
expression, which must be exercised in
every day's work, in the laboratory and
class-room and work on the farm, lead to
as elegant and forcible use of language as
can be acquired by the old classical
courses, which have long been claimed
as essentials to good writing and forcible
oratory.
Such themes as "The Enemies of
Science," "Political Influence and the
Farmer," "Mission of the Educated
Man," show that the young men have not
been taught out of sympathy with our
calling. They appreciate the relations of
the educated farmer to the wants of the
State; and Michigan will in such grad-
uates receive back ten-fold for all she has
expended for their education. In this
connection, it is fair to say that the de-
livery of the orations was not equal to
their merits. The methods of instruc-
tion and investigation pursued in the
College classes, have helped these young
men to reason well and clearly, and have
given them ability to put their thoughts
into clean English. But it must be ad-
mitted that if the educated farmer is to
make his influence most felt, and if he is
to hold his place alongside of the men in
other professions, he must become a for-
cible speaker as well as writer. A ready
and impressive speaker has a power in
moving men, which can not be approxi-
mated by the cold ink. Oratory is worthy
of the attention of the farmer's son.
Rhetoricals should embrace instruction
in elocution. The voice as well as the
mind can be cultivated, and he who
would make the most of himself can not
afford to neglect the graces of speech,
when acquiring mastery of sentences and
language.
The motto of the class was, "We learn
not for the school, but for life." The
practical and thorough character of the
work done in every department of the
College makes the realization of this
sentiment possible.
The writer has spent a few days on the
farm and about the College. He is es-
pecially impressed with the fact that each
professor magnifies his own department.
It is to each so essential, that in his mind
no young man can be true to himself and
neglect it. And the students realize this
to such a degree, that there is no dodging
or evading work. There are elective
courses, and every student is required to
take at least three of the five studies
named. The tastes of the student may
thus be gratified, and the College work
done with a zeal that can not be aroused
when every man is forced to take the
same daily rations of mental pabulum.
The well arranged laboratories, mu-
seums, and libraries of the College, to-
gether with the arrangement of crops of
grasses, vegetables, cereals, fruits and

FOREST TREES, GIVE MEANS FOR OBJECT LESSONS.

and comparison, that text-books and
lectures will never be able to equal. A
half day spent among the grasses, and in
the arboretum, has given the writer more
actual and accurate knowledge of the
varieties of grasses and native trees
than a month of reading would do.
The herd of cattle furnishes fine speci-
mens of the Shorthorn, Angus, Galloway,
Hereford, Ayrshire and Jersey breeds.
And so every department of farm life
may be better studied here than at any
college where the agricultural department
is a mere annex of the ancient classical
schools.
It is strange that farmers do not ap-
preciate the superior advantages of a
college course arranged, and a college
equipped especially for their benefit. It
is high time farmers declare their in-
dependence of the tyranny of the old
courses of study. Our sons can be better
educated, and at less cost of time and
money, at the agricultural or technologi-
cal colleges, than at the universities,
where scientific courses are esteemed in-
ferior to the classical. A thorough edu-
cation is not to be gained by an attempt
to embrace in a given time the greatest
number of studies, any more than
thorough digestion can come with an at-
tempt to consume the greatest number of
dishes within a given time. So soon as
we farmers can get rid of the foolish
notion, that there is no thorough educa-
tion without a knowledge of the classics,
the sooner will we feel able to give a
greater number of our sons a thoroughly
practical training that will be helpful to
them on the farm, or in the office or
factory.
There are farmers' sons who will be-
come eminent in theology and meta-
physics, but their number is so limited
that we should not deny to the great
majority the advantages that we can
secure them in our excellent agricultural
colleges. We want the mass of them
educated for farming and kindred pur-
suits. The writer is glad to note that of
244 graduates, 133 have chosen farming,
or callings allied to it.
LANSING, MICH.

PENCIL SKETCHES BY THE WAY.

Our Correspondent Takes a Run into
Clinton and Montcalm Counties—The
Galloway Herd of R. B. Caruss of St.
Johns—The Stock Farm of J. C. Wickes
& Co., of Stanton.
Realizing the importance of the stock
interests in this State, and your willing-
ness to conserve it, not only here, but all
over our broad domain, we left Detroit at
6:45 A. M., and seated in one of the fine
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THE STUDY OF OTHER BREDS.

As a breed they cannot lay claim to
superiority as milkers, the milk though
rich in quality, is not great in
quantity, but as a beef producing breed
they have made for themselves a world
wide name, the superiority of beef lying
in the fact that it is well marbled, the
fat well intermixed with the lean. H. H.
Dixon, member of the Royal Agricul-
tural Society of England, Prize Essay on
Short-horns in 1865, says: "There is no
better or finer mottled beef in the world
than the Galloway," while other noted
men have testified to the same, as well as
to the small proportion of offal to weight
of carcass; and to sum up, they make what
is wanted—beef, not bone and fat; and
in the old country this fact is borne out
by breeders, cattle salesmen, butchers
and consumers. They are now, as well as
from time long unknown, polled or horn-
less, and without the slightest scar, for
which characteristic they have become
celebrated, and have retained during all
the period of their improvement. In
looking up the history of this breed we
find no striking records of individual
weight when fattened for market or cattle
show, the owners, as we surmise, reacting
with an active demand for the males for
crossing purposes, have preferred
catering to it rather than to the un-
profitable glory of fat stock competition.
In hardness they are by all admitted
to be at the head and front, and this
characteristic has been aimed at by all
breeders of them, although mellow-
ness of skin with moderate thickness has
been sought in combination. One of the
strong features of this breed is their "im-
pressiveness" when crossed with others, for
stock from Galloway sires are invariably
alike in color, absence of horns and gen-
eral outline of form; in fact it is so
strongly marked that it is often difficult
to detect a half bred from a pure one, as
the only difference often lies in the hair;
and the best breeders frequently make
errors in picking out animals where
they do not know their breeding.
This impressiveness and prepotency
is due to the fixity of type attained by
years of straight breeding, without a
single cross for centuries, and their his-
tory affords breeders fields for thought,
study and practice.

THE MORNING OF THE SECOND DAY

was selected as the time when we should
see the herd complete in numbers. Promptly
at seven A. M. the grand cavalcade of 35
head of sires, dams, heifers and calves, in
the bright sunlight of an August morning,
fresh from their dewy pastures, were
driven before and by your "special," with
plenty of time given to scan each individ-
ual, and to note pedigree and individual
merit. At the head, and in advance of
all, comes the well bred and majestic bull,
imp. Sam Garlinton (555) N. A. H. B.,
(1610) Scotch H. B., bred by the Earl of
Galloway, of Garlinton, Scotland, and
imported expressly to head this herd. He
was out of Maggie, one of the celebrated
cows in the Earl's herd, and was got by
Scotch Borderer (660) S. H. B., a most
noted bull as well as prize winner, taking
2d at Wigton, Scotland, in 1872; 1st at
Castle Douglas in 1872; 1st at Kelso
Hillside Society, in 1872; 1st at Strirling
in 1873; 1st at Drumhill in 1878;
1st at Inverness in 1874; Gold
Medal at Glasgow in 1875; 1st at Aber-
deen in 1876; 1st at Thurhill in 1879
and special as best male at same show;
and 1st at Dumfries in 1876. He was
never beaten in the show ring. Next
comes Rosa McNeil, bred by A. McNeil
of Vaughn, Ont., now 15 years old. She
has dropped 14 calves, is due in Septem-
ber again, only two of them females. She
has been prolific, was got by Hardfortune
(154) out of Lizzie (114) by Dred (15). Her
two heifers follow, Topsy, four years old,
got by Johnny Hood (354), grand sire
Robin Hood (349), and Rosy with same
breeding and three years old; each have
had two calves. The aged Hannah (512)
follows. She was got by Hardfortune
(154) out of Dairy Maid (386), tracing to
Belle 9th, imported by Mr. Graham, of
Vaughan, Ont. Miss of Belcathill (577),
S. H. B. (4510), bred by John Carruthers of
Scotland, got by Coggie of Belcathill S.
H. B. (1904), and traces through a long
line of noted ancestry and prize winners,
with a pure bred cow for dam. Jane Seton
3rd (566), same age, was bred by T.
Biggars & Sons, Chapleton, Dalbeattie,
Scotland, was got by Earl of Nithsdale
(1035), out of Jane Seton 3d (3787) by
Lord of Nithsdale (610), tracing to the herd
of Jno. Underwood, Crofts, Kincaidbright,
Scotland, a herd celebrated for its purity
of breeding. Maggie 3d (364), Polly (514),
Sally (365), Topsy (369), Rosy (510), Susy
(515), Topsy 2d (534), Molly (607), Hannah
3d (668), Topsy 3d (688), Miss McNeil
(773), Miss Lorena (774), and others pass,
and the procession is ended, and the ani-
mals are loose for the pasture again, for
none are kept in stable, neither are the
culls selected for the sale, for there are
none inferior in the herd. Indeed the
best, if any are best, have been selected
for the sale. The foundation of this herd
was laid in 1876, and has been added to
by direct importations from Scotland at
various times, and by retaining in the
herd the choicest that have been bred
on the farm. These cattle have been

STOCK NOTES.

CANADA exported 94,386 sheep to Great
Britain in 1883, against 98,063 sent from the
United States.
At the Royal Show at Shrewsbury, England,
several lots of Herefords exchanged hands
at prices at least quadruple those which could
have been realized six or seven years ago.
Heifers being sold on Monday for 100 guineas
which not long ago would only have fetched
250.
GEO. G. HAMILTON, administrator of the
estate of James G. Hamilton, deceased, will
sell his entire herd of Bates Shorthorns at Flat
Creek, Bath County, Ky., on September 24th
and 25th. This is the best herd of Shorthorns
to be sold in Kentucky this fall. The adver-
tisement will be found on another page.

THE LONDON AUGUST SERIES OF WOOL

sales opened on Tuesday last. Cable re-
ports state that the prices realized are re-
latively higher than in this country, so
that purchases for the American market
are not likely to amount to much. The
Australian wools yet in the hands of im-
porters are selling below cost laid down
in Boston or New York.
Mr. Wm. Fry, of Northville, this
county, is credited with bringing in the
finest clip of wool seen in Plymouth this
season. It comprised 210 fleeces, weighed
nearly 1,500 lbs., and was sold at 25c per
lb.

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(Continued on eighth page.)

AGRICULTURAL.

SHORTHORNS AS DAIRY CATTLE.

From a paper prepared and read by E.
S. Tisdale, of Kensington, England, at
what was called a "Milk Conference,"
held at Gloucester, England, May, 1884,
we take the following in regard to the
dairy qualities of the Shorthorns:
"For the past five years a series of ex-
perimental trials have been instituted
under the auspices of the British Dairy
Farmers' Association, at their show at
Wington, which may help us toward a
solution of this inquiry. The analyses
were made by Dr. Aug. Voelcker, in order
to aid a committee, consisting of the
milk-giving and butter-producing power
of the animals in the different classes en-
tered for milking purposes, and they are so
relevant to the point at issue as to afford
sound basis in this inquiry. The classes
were divided into Jersey, Shorthorn,
Dutch, or Holstein, Ayrshire, cross
breeds, and any other pure breeds; and,
in addition to prizes offered for the cows
of each breed which gave the largest
amount of milk, possessing the most
solidity, and having regard to the date of
their last calf, a champion prize has been
presented (during the last three years) to
that animal, of whatever breed, which
yielded in the highest degree all these
essential points in a model dairy cow."

RETURNING SHOWING WEIGHT OF MILK GIVEN

in 24 hours by cows entered at this show
from 1879 to 1883 are then given, of
which the following is the summary:

No. of samples analyzed.	Lbs. weight of milk.	Total weight of solids.	Fat percentage.
Shorthorns.....33	44 91	8 79	12 7
Jerseys.....19	26 27	4 26	13 6
Dutch.....6	46 99	10 30	14 9
Ayrshires.....6	46 99	9 97	11 8
Cross bred.....8	51 66	9 36	12 31

MR. TIDDALE CONTINUES:

"Before applying these figures, it is
desirable to compare them with those
possessed by the owners of large herds to
ascertain if these selected cases are sup-
ported by practical results derived from
a wide area and subject to the varied
changes of food and climate. In Mr. J.
C. Morton's interesting work on 'Dairy
Farming' the yearly returns from two
dairy farms are presented. Mr. Wright,
of Chipstead, Surrey, from 50 well-bred
Shorthorns obtained per head per annum
500 gallons, and at a second farm, 650
gallons from a similar number of cattle.
Mr. Albrooke, of Notts, mentions 690
lbs. per head for the season of 1882, and
obtained from Shorthorns cheese for 100
months on a good Derbyshire farm. On
Lord Warwick's farm 735 gallons per
head were entered on the record of 50
standing over ten months. This is a high
field, but that it is not more than can be
obtained from Shorthorns cheese for 100
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Horticultural.

THE ZEBRA CATERPILLAR.

BY CLARENCE M. WEED.

During the latter part of last season this pest appeared in great numbers in many parts of the State, and its visit will probably be repeated the present season. Hence a short notice of its ravages and the remedies for them may be acceptable to the readers of the FARMER.

NATURAL HISTORY.

When very young the larva or worms are almost black, but as they become older they become of a lighter color, being pale and green. When full grown they are described as "about two inches in length, and of a black color, with the head, legs and belly tawny-red, and with narrow lateral yellow lines on each side between which are numerous transverse, white, irregular, zebra-like, finer lines, appearing blue by contrast with the black and breaking the latter into lines resembling I V N W. Each lateral line is margined on one side with a white line. The surface of the body is almost entirely smooth from hairs."

These caterpillars feed on a variety of food plants, seeming to prefer the *morifera*, or that family to which cabbage and cauliflowers belong. They are also said to devour asparagus, honey suckle, mignonette and buckwheat. When young they are gregarious, a large number feeding on the same leaf. At this time they can be easily destroyed by hand-picking.

When full grown, the larva descend into the ground a few inches and pupate. The pupae are brown, and about three-fourths of an inch long. From these pupae the brown moths (*Cramia picta*) come forth. The front part of the body and the anterior wings are of a peculiar light brown color; the posterior wings are white shaded with brown at the edges. There are two light spots on each front wing, the outer being a sort of network of light lines, and the inner smaller and oval. In Michigan there are two broods of the zebra caterpillar in a season, the first appearing in June and the second in August.

REMEDIES.

Last September when these pests were very numerous, I found that pyrethrum powder, in the proportion of a tablespoonful to two gallons of water, would kill them, as was also true of the kerosene emulsion so much advocated of late.

FLORICULTURAL.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Ohio Farmer says: "When a large tree dies, the main trunk can be made into a pretty object, after being trimmed up, by planting at its base some free growing vine, such as the woodbine. It will entirely cover it in a year or two with a mass of foliage. A climbing rose would be as good, although the foliage would not be so dense; but by planting two of different colors, blooming at the same time, the Boursalt and the white climbing rose, you have a column of flowers that will well repay you."

Says the American Cultivator: "One of the most beautiful of autumn flowers is the fringed gentian. It has a permanent place in literature from Bryant's 'Fringed Gentian.' What is still more in its favor is its power of expanding its blossoms when picked and put in water. Just before the buds expand, cut off the whole plant and put it in a vase which must be kept constantly filled with fresh water. The buds open in succession. There are often forty or fifty buds on a plant, and if it is kept well supplied with fresh water, they will usually all open. In this manner it is not difficult to keep it in bloom a whole month. Do not pull up the root of the plant, but let it remain in bloom in other years. It is too choice a plant to destroy."

At this time, when our flowers fade so soon, it is well to know that if a small bit of the stem is cut off and the end immersed in very hot water the flower will frequently revive and resume its beauty. Colored flowers are more easily rejuvenated than white ones, which are apt to turn yellow. For preserving flowers in water, finely pulverized charcoal should be put into the vase at this season. Where vines are growing in water charcoal will prevent foul odors from the standing water.

California's Apples.

A visitor to the fruit markets of California is usually astonished beyond expression by the beauty and variety of the apples there displayed. It is literally "apples till apples come again." Boxes are never used for packing, but barrels holding about fifty pounds. The lids are removed, the top layers of apples are nicely polished, and they stand in long rows, a finer display, so far as size, color and shapeliness go, than any other American market can offer. There are few Russets, but Greenings, Baldwins, Pippins, Kings, Ben Davis, Nickajacks, Rome Beauties, and dozens of other varieties, in fact, nearly all known to western, eastern and southern growers, can be found in the San Francisco market in season. The range of climate over which they are grown is very great. Apples from Washington Territory, grown near the British Columbia border, may be seen side by side with apples whose blossoms mingled with those of San Diego orange trees. Apples come from so far up among the mountains that the summer is as brief and warm as that of Maine and the fruit as crisp and well flavored. Apples come also from the lowlands that slope fairly to the sands and rocks of the Pacific. One district is still reeking with Aethra and early apples, while another district is gathering Gravensteins and other autumn varieties. But when the visitor from the East begins to sample all this fruit he experiences a reaction of feeling. The size and color have misled him; the expected flavor is not there, and he thinks of ap-

ples much smaller, much homelier in appearance, but infinitely better to eat, apples from the orchards of New England and New York, the valleys of Pennsylvania and the river-side slopes of Maryland. The old Californian, however, protests that this is not a fair decision; that the fruit growers of the Pacific States know their market demands, size and color chiefly, flavor being a secondary matter.

Some of the apples that are prime Eastern favorites fail to retain their flavor on the Pacific coast; others that hold no rank whatever in New York markets are the pride of many private California gardens. That wonderful apple, the yellow Newtown Pippin, is, however, at the head of the list in all parts of California and Oregon. Skinner's Seedling, an autumn apple originated in San Jose, has taken high rank. The small red Roman apple is of the highest quality. Esopus Spitzenbergs and Northern Spys suit the mountains, but fall in most of the lowland region. There is no reason to doubt that in a few years the accusation of lack of flavor brought against California apples will cease to have any point. For eight or ten years large shipments of apples have gone to Australia from San Francisco, immense quantities are dried and canned, and the apple crop of the Pacific coast is becoming one of the largest items in its horticultural production.

Poisonous Plants and Flowers.

There are many plants, says the *Drug-Gist*, whose leaves, flowers and seeds contain virulent poisons, which every one should know, so as to avoid them and keep children from them.

Buttercups possess a poisonous property, which disappears when the flowers are dried in hay; no cow will feed upon them while in blossom. So caustic are the petals that they will sometimes inflame the skin of tender fingers. Every child should be cautioned against eating them; indeed, it is desirable to caution children from tasting the petals of any flowers, or putting leaves into their mouths, except those known to be harmless.

The oleander contains a deadly poison in its leaves and flowers, and is said to be a dangerous plant for the parlor or dining room. The flowers and berries of the wild bryony possess a powerful purgative, and red berries, which attract children, have proved fatal. The seeds of the laburnum and catalpa tree should be kept from children, and there is a poisonous property in their bark. The seeds of the yellow and of the rough podded vetches will produce nausea and severe headache.

Fool's parsley has tuberous roots, which have been mistaken for turnips, and produced a fatal effect an hour after they were eaten.

Meadow hemlock is said to be the hemlock which Socrates drank; it kills by its intense action on the nerves, producing complete insensibility and palsy of the arms and legs, and is a most dangerous drug, except in skilful hands. In August it is found in every field, by the seashore and near mountain tops, in full bloom, and ladies and children gather its large clusters of tiny white flowers in quantities, without the least idea of their poisonous qualities. The water hemlock, or cowbane, resembles parsnips, and has been eaten for them with deadly effect.

The water dropwort resembles celery when not in flower, and its roots are also similar to those of the parsnip, but they contain a virulent poison, producing convulsions which end in death in a short time. The fine-leaved water dropwort and the common dropwort are also dangerous weeds.

The bulbs of the daffodils were once mistaken for leeks and boiled in soup, with very disastrous effects, making the whole household intensely nauseated, and the children did not recover from their effects for several days.

The Newer Raspberries.

The horticultural editor of *Rural Home*, Mr. P. C. Reynolds, has visited the fruit farm of Mr. Robert Johnston, in Ontario Co., N. Y., and gives the result of sundry observations on some of the new sorts of raspberries being tried on the farm. In regard to the soil of the farm he says:

"There are several grades of soil on the farm, black, sandy mud, light, sandy loam with mixture of clay in the subsoil, and pretty stiff clay. He planted his first raspberries with quicksand subsoil, and although they made a fine show the first three or four years, they now show symptoms of failing. Such soil has no strength to produce maximum crops for successive years. He is gradually superceding the raspberries on this soil with farm crops, and extending his fruit plantations on the stronger sandy loam and even on the clay loam. Clay, when worked in the best condition as to moisture will grow large crops of black caps, and we think some varieties will grow more and more productive on such soil for six to eight years.

"Black cap raspberries take the lead among the numerous varieties of small fruits."

"Among varieties of black-caps, the Tyler is a favorite with Mr. Johnston. Hardy and vigorous cane, enduring the severest winters even when the roots were in too close proximity with the quicksand, very productive, with its season extending from near the earliest to near the latest, a coal black berry looking very attractive on the market stand, it takes well with buyers and proves profitable. It contains a larger percentage of water than some others, hence requires more quarts of fresh berries to make a pound of dried fruit.

"The Ohio is another great favorite of Mr. Johnston. This plant seems to be very strong and vigorous, and seems to throw out an increasing number of canes every year, for several years. It does not appear to reach its maximum of production under six or seven years. As we remarked on Dr. Van Dusen's grounds near Newark, those that had been planted five years seemed to have nearly double the number of bearing canes to a stool that those planted three

years had. When the soil is strong enough to sustain the fruit the yield increases annually. Mr. J. has several acres of this variety in bearing, and has planted quite an additional breadth this year. Its great superiority is its small percentage of water, less than three quarts being required for one pound of dried.

"The Gregg suffers most from winter's rigors, and from wet feet, but when the great clusters of monster berries appear, Mr. Johnston as well as other growers, is inclined to forget its demerits. These three varieties occupy, by far, the greater portion of the area covered with bearing blackcaps. He has not entirely discarded the Mammoth Cluster, that still remains a favorite for the table, by reason of its good quality and small number of seeds.

"Among the new kinds, Hopkins, now in bearing the second year, is fast becoming a favorite. It is about three days later than Tyler in ripening, a little stronger grower, sweeter and more productive. Keyes, in bearing with him the first time, is the sweetest of black-caps. Sweet Home, thought by some to be identical with Gregg, is not, having finer canes, and being juicier, sweeter and softer.

"Onondaga appears very much like the old Oodette. Thus far they have picked about 20,000 quarts of black-caps this year.

"Shaffer, the hybrid, is also growing in favor with Mr. Johnston; he has not yet tried evaporating it, being able to dispose of what he grows to families, but he is extending it.

"Silver Queen is a light, yellow berry, considerably like Brinkley's Orange, which is the most delicious of raspberries. It has quite a low, branching cane and is much more inclined to sprout than Brinkley's."

Charcoal in Horticulture.

Not only florists but the growers of small fruits in Europe are making use of charcoal for promoting the growth of the plants they cultivate. It is not claimed that the charcoal is in any sense a fertilizer. It is an inert substance, and one not liable to pass into a state of decay even under the most favorable circumstances. It endures longer when exposed to the action of the elements than any of the metals, except those that are ranked as precious. When it forms a union with the oxygen of the air it forms nothing but carbonic acid, which, though highly useful to plants, is obtained from the air without the trouble of producing it. It contains considerable potash and some lime which the roots of plants will appreciate. Its principal use, however, consists in storing up moisture, fertilizing elements contained in water, and various gases, as ammonia, and giving them out as the wants of plants require. A barrel of freshly-burned charcoal will absorb nearly its own bulk of soap-suds or liquid manure without presenting the appearance of being wet. The roots of the plants will pass between the pieces of charcoal, and will often penetrate them, and in so doing will be in a position to appropriate the substances in the pores. Charcoal is very desirable for placing in pots or boxes in which house plants are raised. It will retain many of the bad odors that are likely to arise from most fertilizers. It is also very desirable for garden beds in which roses, annual flowers, and edible vegetables are raised. It is an excellent substance to bury in the ground where grape vines are planted. For placing in pots, boxes, and garden beds it should be tolerably fine. For grape vines and large shrubs it may be in the form in which it is taken from the kiln, or is usually found in the market. For these purposes it should be buried quite deeply. Persons who sell or use charcoal often have considerable that is too fine for keeping up a fire, and will dispose of it for a nominal price. This will be very suitable for use in the house, or the flower, or vegetable garden. Persons who have large grapevines will find it to their advantage to burn their own charcoal.—N. E. Farmer.

Watering Garden Crops.

Persons are never more mistaken than in watering their garden crops in dry spells, in order to promote their growth and securing good yields. This watering causes a hard crust and prevents the moisture from beneath to arise and afford the important assistance derived from that source. Still, water can be applied in dry times that will do good service and be free from this serious objection. In the first place 'stir up the soil well to some little depth, then draw it away from the plants so that a small basin will be formed, and pour in the water steadily, allowing it to soak in gradually; and after it has all disappeared, draw the earth back again and fill up the basin. This will make a loose surface it will prevent the moisture from drying out, and will admit of its being assisted by the moisture underneath. Water carefully applied in this way to peas, beans, eggplants, okra, cabbage, etc., will produce the best effect, and the watering will not need repeating for several weeks. Try it.—*German Town Telegraph*.

Strawberries for the Home Garden. E. Hersey, who has grown strawberries in his garden for thirty-five years, tells in the Massachusetts *Pelican*, his method of culture:

"One of the great mistakes that many make who attempt to grow strawberries in their gardens, is in trying to get more than one crop of fruit from a set of vines. The easiest and best way is to set new vines every year, keep them well cultivated until October, then omit cultivation until the fruit is all ripe and gathered, when the vines should be plowed under and the land set with cabbage or some with turnips, thus getting another crop and at the same time keeping the ground free from weeds and grass. If an attempt be made to carry the bed over another year, it will take twice as long to clean the bed of grass, weeds and surplus vines, as it would to set a new bed, and keep it clean the entire season; but once cleaning will not be enough, it must be weeded out several times during the season, and even then will not yield as much as a new bed.

"Many set in August, but this is not the best time; if the weather be dry it will be necessary to water the plants, and then the next spring they must be kept clean of weeds and grass, and then mulched to keep the fruit clean. If the plants do well they will not bear half as much fruit as if set in spring. After trying different seasons I have settled down to the last week in April as the best time to set a new bed. Then the ground is wet, and before the season gets dry and hot the plants have time to get well established, so the plants require no care, except to keep the weeds and grass out. If one is short of garden space the vines may be set in rows four feet apart, and a row of early peas, radishes, or lettuce may be planted, thus utilizing all of the land, but if one has plenty of land it is quite as well to set the plants in rows three and one-half feet apart, and give them the whole land until the fruit is gathered."

The Effect of Poultry Manure.

The manure from 50 fowls during all last winter was spread over a bed of strawberries and raspberries quite thickly, so that some persons thought the plants would be burned. They were not injured in the least, but on the contrary, the manure has had a remarkably favorable effect, producing a fine growth of plant and fruit of large size, far more so than ordinary yard-manure. Some raspberry canes on the rows manured with the poultry droppings are now 7 feet high, and the strawberry plants, old and young, are exceedingly luxuriant. Fifty large Light Brahma hens have made a barrel of manure every two weeks through the winter, and during the summer a bushel basket full every week. This valuable product is not to be left out of the account in figuring up the income from a flock of poultry.—*Toronto Mail*.

Dr. Monroe, in the *Fanciers' Journal*, recommends fumigation with sulphur for roup in poultry. After ten years' experience he says he knows nothing at once so simple and effectual. His plan is to sprinkle a teaspoonful of flowers of sulphur in a shovelful of red hot cinders from the stove, and let it 'smudge' in a closed room. The sulphuric acid fumes given off will cause the fowl to sneeze and cough, bringing up the phlegm and mucus. One application will not generally cure; two or three fumigations for a day or two are necessary.

Horticultural Notes.

THE James Vick strawberry does not seem to have justified the expectations formed of it this season.

LARGE, perfect fruit can only be grown where there are large, healthy leaves, and a due proportion must be maintained between the two.

SEED beans should not be sown from vines that have had the pods picked off several times for table use, but they should be saved from one of a row from which no beans have been gathered while green.

THE New England Farmer says that to raise a perfect crop of apples or pears requires the beginning of the work at least two years in advance, since soil and the woody growth of the tree both influence the size and quality of the fruit.

THE fact is often forgotten that earth piled around a tree to the depth of two or three feet during the summer is pretty sure death to it. The sunlight is shut off from the roots, and a tree is as unable to live as an animal would be without air.

In thinning fruit, says the New England Farmer, leave no twigs or triplets, for one large, sound specimen is worth more than several inferior ones, and the coddling moth is quite as apt to lay an egg between two apples that touch each other as in the only.

THE *Rural New Yorker* says: "For the past three years the Snyder blackberry has given us more berries than any other kind—and they are in quality fully as good as the Kittatinny, with less care. We have never yet known a cane of the Snyder injured by the winter."

DR. STURTEVANT placed a few American Wonder peas in a box of moist sand in the greenhouse. These sprouted seeds were planted in the garden April 14, and beside a row of unseeded seeds. The plants from seeded seeds matured eight days before the others.

THE *Toronto Mail* says that another year's experience confirms what has been learned in many years past, viz., that there is no straw berry so far produced that will yield a satisfactory crop under neglect and in poor soil. "Nothing comes from nothing," so, if there is nothing in the soil, nothing in the shape of fruit comes out of it.

NEVER let one cucumber ripen. If you do, that vine will consider its work accomplished and abandon the pickle business. If any vine begins to slacken in its work, or show symptoms of exhaustion, cut off the fruit and old leaves, peg down, cover the joints with earth, and keep moist and shaded until new roots form and new growth starts.

THE New England Farmer notes that though for some years the cherry crop in the New England States has been almost wholly destroyed by the curculio, this season the crop was larger and better than for years past. This may perhaps be due to the two severe frosts which worked to the good of the crop by preventing or destroying the insect.

Hood's Sarsaparilla tones the system.

Apiarian.

At the Texas State convention, the committee on questions and answers reported the question: "Is the moth a destructive enemy to the bee in any way?" Answer: "Not to the bees, but to the comb." Judge Andrews held that the moth never hurt a colony of bees, but destroyed unprotected comb. That a strong colony is never hurt by moths, and advised that combs be hung up and smoked like bacon. Dr. Howard said he put his combs where light and air could reach them, and they were never injured by moths; but if they were put in dark, damp, and warm places moths would destroy them. Judge Goodner had found, by experience, that it would not do to hang combs in a dark smoke house. Mr. Kerr hung his to joists overhead, and found it a safe plan.

DWIGHT FURNISS, in the *Bee Journal* says, in regard to living bees: "I use a common box made of light wood, fastened to the end of a long pole, and seldom need to climb ladders or cut off branches. A neighboring bee-keeper, whose apiary is surrounded by a lot of tall and slender oak trees, gave me his method of capturing swarms, which I have used a good deal. It is as follows: Fasten a common dry-goods box to the end of a long pole, and as soon as a swarm issues, go to the more convenient hive (an extracting super is best), take out a frame and shake the bees from it into the box. These bees at once set up a loud humming, and if the box is now held up in the midst of the flying swarm, they accept the call to cluster, enter the box without delay, and can be moved immediately; or if another swarm issues, set them aside and cover them with a sheet."

A LARGE quantity of beeswax is produced in California, but for some reason it cannot be bleached white by the sun, owing, it is thought, to the nature of the plants from which the bees extract the honey. For this reason its commercial value is lessened. Chemicals are not ordinarily used in wax bleaching, as they seriously impair its quality. The first arrivals of beeswax for the season came from the extreme south, in fact, the Southern States are now the largest producers of beeswax, for the reason that they adopt the more crude and wasteful methods of honey culture. They not only let the bees make their own combs, but in smoking them out of the logs and trees in which they have their hives, they kill a large part of the swarm. If bees were not prolific they would have been nearly exterminated at the south before now.

As a sure remedy for Sick Headache, Sour Stomach, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Constipation, Torpid Liver, Biliousness, etc., no remedy is equal to Dr. Baxter's Mandrake Bitters. N. H. Downes' Elixir is the oldest and best remedy in existence. Bruises, scalds, burns, sprains, cuts, etc., either on man or beast, are speedily cured by the use of Henry & John's son's Arnica and Oil Liniment.

As a sure remedy for Sick Headache, Sour Stomach, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Constipation, Torpid Liver, Biliousness, etc., no remedy is equal to Dr. Baxter's Mandrake Bitters. N. H. Downes' Elixir is the oldest and best remedy in existence. Bruises, scalds, burns, sprains, cuts, etc., either on man or beast, are speedily cured by the use of Henry & John's son's Arnica and Oil Liniment.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

SCROFULA.

A remedy that can destroy the germs of scrofula, and when once settled has the power to root it out, must be appreciated by those afflicted. The remarkable cures of young children and the more wonderful cures of those of middle age and late in life, as illustrated by our printed testimonials, prove Hood's SARSAPARILLA to be a reliable remedy, containing remedial agents which do positively cure scrofula and eradicate it from the blood.

WARREN, N. H., Jan. 21, 1879. MESSRS. C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.: Gentlemen—For ten years previous to the early part of 1871 I had been a constant sufferer from scrofulous ulcers or sores, which had finally reduced me to a helpless condition, as described in my letter to you in September of that year. The continued excellent health which enables me to keep house for my aged father and to enjoy life in Lowell, when all my physicians gave me up as being in an incurable condition. One thing before I close. I have recommended your Sarsaparilla to hundreds, and I think more than a thousand cases, and my faith in its invincibility, curing scrofula has become absolute by the wonderful cures it has effected aside from my own. I trust you will not be slow in making the merits of Hood's SARSAPARILLA known everywhere, for it is a duty you owe to mankind. With best wishes I remain very truly yours, SARAH C. WHITTIER.

HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA Is a skillfully-prepared compound, concentrated extract, by a process peculiarly our own, of the best remedies of the vegetable kingdom known to medical science and alternatives, blood-purifiers, diuretics, and cathartics. Sold by all druggists. Price \$1, or six for \$5. C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

BAXTER'S MANDRAKE BITTERS Entirely VEGETABLE AND A SURE CURE FOR COSTIVENESS. Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Diseases of the Kidneys, Torpid Liver, Rheumatism, Dizziness, Sick Headache, Loss of Appetite, Jaundice, Eruptions and Skin Diseases. Price, 25c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. BENTLEY, JOHNSON & CO., Prop., Burlington, Vt.

THE PNEUMATIC FRUIT DRIERS. Awarded the Silver Medal over all competitors at New England Fair, 1883. The operation is such that they retain the natural fruit flavor. The evaporation is the most rapid, with least fuel. All sizes for farm or factory use. We manufacture the best evaporators in the world. Write to J. J. Smith, Fruit Drier Co., 100 West 12th St., New York City, for literature.

Take Your Choice! For making Apple Jelly, Sorghum, Maple Syrup and Sugar. Circulate sent free. Whitehack, Bordin & Co., Yonkers, N.Y. 175-144.

COOK'S EVAPORATOR! For making Apple Jelly, Sorghum, Maple Syrup and Sugar. Circulate sent free. Whitehack, Bordin & Co., Yonkers, N.Y. 175-144.

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EVERY PERSON IS INTERESTED IN KNOWING THAT

Ayer's Pills Cure

Acidity of the stomach and Flatulence, Yellow jaundiced skin, Nervousness and Langor, Rheumatic and Neuralgic Pains, Sick Headaches and Nausea.

Chronic disposition to Costiveness, Anemia caused by Dyspepsia, Torpidity of the obstructed liver, Heart disease induced by Constipation, A peptic tendency similarly originated, Relaxation of the nervous system, Torturing sleeplessness from Indigestion, Inflammation of the costive bowels, Clogging and deterioration of the kidneys,

Pain in shoulders and back, Indigestion and Constipation, Liver Complaint and Biliousness, Low vitality and Nervousness, Skin Eruptions caused by Constipation,

Costiveness and Pain in the bowels, Uric acid poison in the blood, Rash and Boils caused by Constipation, Enfeebled sight and Nervous Tremors,

Mental and physical depression, Agueish symptoms from Indigestion, Nausea, Dizziness, and Foul Breath, Youth and age troubles of women,

Inaction of the secretory organs, Looseness of the bowels, Loss of appetite and furred tongue, Swellings symptomatic of Dropsy.

There is no form of disease, caused by Indigestion and Constipation, that does not yield to their beneficent power. They stimulate the digestive and assimilatory organs, strengthen the machinery of life, and have no drastic or weakening effects. Any one who chooses to acquire will find in his own community abundant willing witnesses to assure him that the best pills in the world for cure of the many ailments consequent upon derangement of the digestive functions are

Physicians and Patients say

"Ayer's Pills are one of the best remedies for bilious derangements that we possess." Dr. Wm. T. Truitt, Concord, N. H.

"Ayer's Pills are active, searching and effectual, but not gripping or drastic." Prof. J. M. Locke, Cincinnati, O.

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"Ayer's Pills have cured Rheumatism and kidney troubles among my crew, and they did away with my Dyspepsia." Capt. C. Mueller, Str. "Felicity."

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"Ayer's Pills have cured me entirely." Mrs. Mary A. Scott, Portland, Me.

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AYER'S PILLS,

PREPARED BY

DR. J. C. AYER & CO., [Analytical Chemists] LOWELL, MASS.

Sold by all Druggists.

CUT THIS OUT AND SEND WITH YOUR ORDER. NATIONAL CATTLE REMEDY. NATIONAL HORSE REMEDY. NATIONAL SWINE REMEDY. NATIONAL SHEEP REMEDY. NATIONAL GOAT REMEDY. NATIONAL BIRD REMEDY. NATIONAL FISH REMEDY. NATIONAL INSECT REMEDY. NATIONAL PLANT REMEDY. NATIONAL MINERAL REMEDY. NATIONAL METAL REMEDY. NATIONAL WOOD REMEDY. NATIONAL STONE REMEDY. NATIONAL SOIL REMEDY. NATIONAL AIR REMEDY. NATIONAL WATER REMEDY. NATIONAL FIRE REMEDY. NATIONAL LIGHT REMEDY. NATIONAL SOUND REMEDY. NATIONAL HEAT REMEDY. NATIONAL COLD REMEDY. NATIONAL DRY REMEDY. NATIONAL WET REMEDY. NATIONAL DARK REMEDY. NATIONAL BRIGHT REMEDY. NATIONAL SILENT REMEDY. NATIONAL NOISY REMEDY. NATIONAL SLEEP REMEDY. NATIONAL WAKE REMEDY. NATIONAL HAPPY REMEDY. NATIONAL SAD REMEDY. NATIONAL LOVE REMEDY. NATIONAL HATE REMEDY. NATIONAL FEAR REMEDY. NATIONAL COURAGE REMEDY. NATIONAL HUMILITY REMEDY. NATIONAL PRIDE REMEDY. NATIONAL GENTLENESS REMEDY. NATIONAL RAGE REMEDY. NATIONAL PATIENCE REMEDY. NATIONAL IMPATIENCE REMEDY. NATIONAL KINDNESS REMEDY. NATIONAL CRUELTY REMEDY. NATIONAL MERCY REMEDY. NATIONAL UNMERCY REMEDY. NATIONAL GRACE REMEDY. NATIONAL UNGRACE REMEDY. NATIONAL FAITH REMEDY. NATIONAL UNFAITH REMEDY. NATIONAL HOPE REMEDY. NATIONAL DESPAIR REMEDY. NATIONAL CHARITY REMEDY. NATIONAL UNCHARITY REMEDY. NATIONAL TRUTH REMEDY. NATIONAL LIE REMEDY. NATIONAL GOODNESS REMEDY. NATIONAL EVILNESS REMEDY. NATIONAL BEAUTY REMEDY. NATIONAL UGLYNESS REMEDY. NATIONAL VIRTUE REMEDY. NATIONAL VICE REMEDY. NATIONAL HONOR REMEDY. NATIONAL DISHONOR REMEDY. NATIONAL RESPECT REMEDY. NATIONAL DISRESPECT REMEDY. NATIONAL ORDER REMEDY. NATIONAL DISORDER REMEDY. NATIONAL CLEANLINESS REMEDY. NATIONAL DIRTYNESS REMEDY. NATIONAL SOFTNESS REMEDY. NATIONAL HARDNESS REMEDY. NATIONAL SWEETNESS REMEDY. NATIONAL BITTERNESS REMEDY. NATIONAL PLEASURE REMEDY. NATIONAL PAIN REMEDY. NATIONAL JOY REMEDY. NATIONAL GRIEF REMEDY. NATIONAL PEACE REMEDY. NATIONAL WAR REMEDY. NATIONAL LOVE REMEDY. NATIONAL HATE REMEDY. NATIONAL LIFE REMEDY. NATIONAL DEATH REMEDY. NATIONAL BIRTH REMEDY. NATIONAL DEATH REMEDY. NATIONAL MARRIAGE REMEDY. NATIONAL DIVORCE REMEDY. NATIONAL FRIENDSHIP REMEDY. NATIONAL ENMITY REMEDY. NATIONAL KINDNESS REMEDY. NATIONAL CRUELTY REMEDY. NATIONAL MERCY REMEDY. NATIONAL UNMERCY REMEDY. NATIONAL GRACE REMEDY. NATIONAL UNGRACE REMEDY. NATIONAL FAITH REMEDY. NATIONAL UNFAITH REMEDY. NATIONAL HOPE REMEDY. NATIONAL DESPAIR REMEDY. NATIONAL CHARITY REMEDY. NATIONAL UNCHARITY REMEDY. NATIONAL TRUTH REMEDY. NATIONAL LIE REMEDY. NATIONAL GOODNESS REMEDY. NATIONAL EVILNESS REMEDY. NATIONAL BEAUTY REMEDY. NATIONAL UGLYNESS REMEDY. NATIONAL VIRTUE REMEDY. NATIONAL VICE REMEDY. NATIONAL HONOR REMEDY. NATIONAL DISHONOR REMEDY. NATIONAL RESPECT REMEDY. NATIONAL DISRESPECT REMEDY. NATIONAL ORDER REMEDY. NATIONAL DISORDER REMEDY. NATIONAL CLEANLINESS REMEDY. NATIONAL DIRTYNESS REMEDY. NATIONAL SOFTNESS REMEDY. NATIONAL HARDNESS REMEDY. NATIONAL SWEETNESS REMEDY. NATIONAL BITTERNESS REMEDY. NATIONAL PLEASURE REMEDY. NATIONAL PAIN REMEDY. NATIONAL JOY REMEDY. NATIONAL GRIEF REMEDY. NATIONAL PEACE REMEDY. NATIONAL WAR REMEDY. NATIONAL LOVE REMEDY. NATIONAL HATE REMEDY. NATIONAL LIFE REMEDY. NATIONAL DEATH REMEDY. NATIONAL BIRTH REMEDY. NATIONAL DEATH REMEDY. NATIONAL MARRIAGE REMEDY. NATIONAL DIVORCE REMEDY. NATIONAL FRIENDSHIP REMEDY. NATIONAL ENMITY REMEDY. NATIONAL KINDNESS REMEDY. NATIONAL CRUELTY REMEDY. NATIONAL MERCY REMEDY. NATIONAL UNMERCY REMEDY. NATIONAL GRACE REMEDY. NATIONAL UNGRACE REMEDY. NATIONAL FAITH REMEDY. NATIONAL UNFAITH REMEDY. NATIONAL HOPE REMEDY. NATIONAL DESPAIR REMEDY. NATIONAL CHARITY REMEDY. NATIONAL UNCHARITY REMEDY. NATIONAL TRUTH REMEDY. NATIONAL LIE REMEDY. NATIONAL GOODNESS REMEDY. NATIONAL EVILNESS REMEDY. NATIONAL BEAUTY REMEDY. NATIONAL UGLYNESS REMEDY. NATIONAL VIRTUE REMEDY. NATIONAL VICE REMEDY. NATIONAL HONOR REMEDY. NATIONAL DISHONOR REMEDY. NATIONAL RESPECT REMEDY. NATIONAL DISRESPECT REMEDY. NATIONAL ORDER REMEDY. NATIONAL DISORDER REMEDY. NATIONAL

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE.

In compliance with the laws of the State of Kentucky requiring all the personal property of decedents to be sold publicly, I will as Administrator of

JAMES C. HAMILTON, DECEASED,

SELL

HIS ENTIRE HERD OF BATES SHORTHORNS,

At His Late Residence, FLAT CREEK, Bath County, KY.,

ON THE 24th AND 25th SEPTEMBER, 1884.

The herd numbers more than one hundred head of the following families: Airdie Duches, Barrington, Kirklevington, Rose of Sharon and Young Mary, and will include his Pure Bates Stock Bulls, 24 Duke of Kent 51119, Barrington Duke 37622 and 24 Duke of Kent, No. in Vol. 27.

Catalogues may be had by applying to me after August 10th.

GEO. G. HAMILTON, Administrator.

P. O. Flat Creek, Bath County, Ky.

SEPTEMBER 26, 1884, Williams & Hamilton, of Mt. Sterling, Ky., will sell a select draft of about fifty head from their Longwood Herd, which will include Kirklevingtons, Craggs, Hillips, Places, Rose of Sharon, Young Marys, Phyllises and Josephines, topped by 4th Duke of Geneva (30958), Grand Duke of Geneva (28756), Geneva Wild Eyes 51776 and Barrington Duke 37622. Apply to them at Mt. Sterling, Ky., for catalogues.

weekly. The following account of the process of manufacture is taken from the American Cultivator:

"The barns are substantial structures, not of the most modern and improved style; the floor cemented and slightly inclined lengthwise of the stable, so one cow stands just a trifle above her next neighbor below, and a gutter behind carries the liquid into the yard. The cows are littered with straw and every bit of space utilized, as the endeavor to supply the great demand for their butter has increased the number of the cows beyond the original design of the barn. In two of the barns the cows are tied with chains, while in a new one swing stanchions are used. The stables, while clean, like a good farmer's stable, are not such specimens of painful and impracticable neatness as some writers on dairy matters have considered inseparable from first-class butter. The cows are of no particular kind, though the Shorthorn blood is predominant as grades, and an eye to the final end of all cattle flesh—beef—is kept in view in selection of cows.

"Their herd averages about 250 head. They are kept in the stables the year through, except being let out into a suitable enclosure a part of the day in summer for a bite of grass and exercise. The greatest care is exercised in their feed, which is bright clover hay, cut and mixed with equal quantities by weight, of corn meal and wheat bran—about 85 pounds of each, meal, bran and hay.

"The milk is poured from the milking pail through a wire gauze strainer into a can which is taken, when full, to the creamery, where it is again strained, this time through a cloth, when it passes directly to the tank holding it for separation from the cream. The cream is set aside in the cans to ripen, as the fashionable phrase is, or, in plain United States, to sour before churning, which is done twice a week; and in cold weather a little sour cream is left in the cream can to hasten the process.

"The churn is made of cedar, barrel shaped, except being of uniform size, and with three narrow staves projecting inside. The butter is washed by pouring cold spring water into the churn after the buttermilk is drawn out, and before the butter is 'gathered.' It is worked by hand, not salted by guess, and after standing about an hour is reworked, lumped and printed, then put away in coolers to be shipped next day. The prints are half-pound and pound lumps, each wrapped in muslin, and are shipped in galvanized iron cans, in cedar tubs with ice in warm weather, and holding from a pound and a half to seven pounds of butter.

"The lesson in this for the dairyman seems to be: Careful feeding, the making of a uniform article the year through, and getting a reputation for your butter. By this is meant the making of a good article and getting it to the consumer, with the knowledge of where it is made. The great mass of the butter sold and used is sold anonymously. The maker does not put his name on it, and the consumer has no means of getting the same again if he wishes to do so. In other manufactures it is considered a suspicious circumstance if the maker's name does not appear on the goods. Another point is, that none of the conditions here are beyond the reach and practice of the ordinary farmer on a small scale."



The above Scale, which will weigh from an ounce to 240 lbs., will be sent to any address for \$5.00, and the "Farmer" sent one year also. You can have the scale sent to one address and the "Farmer" to another if desired. The "Farmer" is \$1.50 per year, making the scale cost you just \$3.50.

IF YOU WANT Profitable Employment

SEND AT ONCE TO THE NEW LAMB KNITTER CO., For Full Information.

An ordinary operator can earn from one to three dollars per day in any community in the Northern States on our New Lamb Knitter. You can wholly finish twelve pairs ladies' full-shaped stockings or twenty pairs socks or mittens in a day! Skilled operators can double this production. Capacity and range of work double that of the old Lamb Knitting Machine. Address: The New Lamb Knitter Co., 117 and 119 Main St., West, JACKSON, Mich.

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The publishers of this popular newspaper, the weekly edition of THE DETROIT EVENING NEWS, offer it on trial for three months at the nominal rate of 10 cents per copy. Address: THE ECHO, Detroit, Mich. A1924

A SPLENDID HOLSTEIN BULL

For Sale. Lehman No. 1277 H. H. B.; calved March 11, 1882. Sire, imported Lenox No. 407; dam imported Lenox No. 301. One of the finest bulls in the State. Also three thoroughbred Holstein bull calves for sale. Address: A. F. CODDINGTON, Tecumseh, Mich.

Valley Seed Wheat.

Another year has proven that the Valley Seed is superior to any other kind of wheat. It is hardy, yields more, is free from blight, and stands up well. It is a heavy head, of excellent milling qualities and commands the highest price. All who sowed it in fall are satisfied in its results. Scores of testimonials can be given if necessary. Pure clean seed \$1.50 per bushel free on board cars. No extra charges for bags. Address: A. P. CODDINGTON, Tecumseh, Mich.

Valley Seed Wheat.

Prepare for the weevil and low price of wheat by purchasing Valley Seed for seed. Very hardy and productive. It is a heavy head, of excellent milling qualities and commands the highest price. All who sowed it in fall are satisfied in its results. Scores of testimonials can be given if necessary. Pure clean seed \$1.50 per bushel free on board cars. No extra charges for bags. Address: A. P. CODDINGTON, Tecumseh, Mich.

Rodgers' Amber Wheat

Seed for sale, free on board cars, at \$4 for two bushels; \$5 for four bushels, bags included. Larger quantities at \$1.20 per bushel and cents for each bag. Sample heads sent on application. I have grown this variety for two years, and believe it very desirable on all dry soils, either sand, clay or loam. It has yielded four to ten bushels per acre more than any other variety grown here. Address: HENRY CHAMBERLAIN, Three Oaks, Berrien Co., Mich.

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On Mt. Holyoke plan; location delightful; board and tuition \$175 per school year; fine library, cabinet, telescope and musical instruments. Much attention given to the English language and review of elementary studies. Fall term begins September 4th, 1884. For catalogues address: MISS M. H. SPRAGUE, Principal.

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Can save money by attending the College at Kalamazoo, Mich. Send for Journal. 1239-131

Western Agents of the WIARD PLOW COMPLY.

A Full Line of Hand and Sulky Plows, Automatic Corn and Bean Planters, with all the necessary repairs and attachments. Address: Riverside Storage Co., Limited, Nos. 45, 47 & 49 Woodbridge St., east, Detroit, Mich.

SEED WHEAT

For Fall Sowing. Democrat, grown in Canada the past four years. A favorite wheat, heavy yielder. Clean bright straw; stands up well, yielding 30 to 40 bushels per acre. It is a most reliable and we know this wheat will give satisfaction. Also Marlin Amber and Hybrid Mediterranean. Prices on application. Send for our Fall Wheat Circular. Correspondence invited. PEABODY, WELD & CO., 1219-131

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SEND FOR PAMPHLET NASH & BROTHER, SOLE MANUFACTURERS, HARRISBURG, PA. MILLINGTON, N. B. PHAMPTON, ILLINOIS IS MANUFACTURED BY PHAMPTON & BROS. IN NEW JERSEY.

MOST EXTENSIVE PURE BRED LIVE-STOCK ESTABLISHMENT IN THE WORLD.

Our customers have the advantage of our many years' experience in breeding and importing large collections, opportunity of comparing different breeds, low prices because of extensive facilities and low cost of transportation. Catalogues free. Correspondence solicited. Mention MICHIGAN FARMER.

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Binder Twine.

After a test of four years has the unequalled endurance of machine makers and farmers throughout the grain-growing regions. It will bind more grain to the pound with fewer breaks than any other twine made; is strong, even, free from blemishes and is made of the best material of the farmer is worth double the price of other twines. Ask your agent for the Diamond B Binder Twine, and take no other. 1239-131

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These Cutters are guaranteed to be the best in the world. Any one wishing a Cutter is at liberty to try one of ours in competition with any other make in the world before buying, and if it does not prove to be superior in any way, it may be returned. We guarantee perfect satisfaction or no sale. Please send for our Illustrated Circular before you buy a Cutter. Our new and valuable book on "Ensilage and Siling" is now ready, and will be sent free to any address upon application. Mention MICHIGAN FARMER.

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A party wants to exchange a good milk business, a lot of land of 68 acres within a mile and a half of the city limits, also a nice home on Grand River Avenue, just beyond the Detroit city limits, with eight acres of ground, nice orchard, etc., for a good farm in Michigan, worth from \$10,000 to \$18,000. Any one with such a farm can address this office for particulars. 1219-131

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J. E. FISK & SON, Johnston, Barry County, breeders of Shorthorn cattle, Registered American Merino sheep, and Poland China swine, and other stock. Correspondence solicited. 1219-131

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JOHN MCKAY, Romeo, Macomb Co., breeder of Shorthorn cattle. Young bulls and heifers for sale. Correspondence solicited. 1219-131

JOSEPH SYKES, North Plains Stock Farm, breeder of thoroughbred Shorthorns. Registered Cattle, Registered Merino Sheep, and Jersey Red Swine. Correspondence solicited. 1219-131

JOHN THORNBURN & SON, Ridgeway Stock Farm, Holt, Ingham Co., breeders of thoroughbred Shorthorn cattle and pure Poland China swine. Duke of Cambridge 4280 at head, also pure York shire swine. 1219-131

J. S. PACIFY, Hickory Ridge Stock Farm, Dex. P., Wixom, Mich., breeder of thoroughbred Shorthorn cattle and registered Merino sheep. Stock for sale. 1219-131

L. BROOKS, Novi, Oakland Co., breeder of thoroughbred Shorthorn cattle and Jersey Red Swine. Stock for sale. Write for prices. 1219-131

L. OLMSTED, Burr Oak Farm, Maitland, Ionia Co., breeder of Shorthorns. Stock for sale. Correspondence solicited. 1219-131

LUTHER H. JOHNSON, Alpine Stock Farm, Grand Rapids, breeder of thoroughbred Shorthorns. Stock for good families for sale. Correspondence solicited. 1219-131

M. DAVIDSON, Tecumseh, Lenawee County, Mich., breeder of Shorthorn cattle. A few choice Shorthorn cattle and Jersey Red Swine. Correspondence will receive prompt attention. 1219-131

N. B. HAYES, Eldorado Stock Farm, breeder of Shorthorns of the Young Mary, Phyllis, etc. families. Young animals for sale. Also breeder of Norman Crackerhorns. Registered Eldorado at the head of the stud. Correspondence solicited. P. O. address, Maitland, Ionia Co. 1219-131

O. SNOW & SON, Oaklawn Park Stock Farm, Kalamazoo, breeders of thoroughbred Shorthorns, Fannions represented are Young Marys, Phyllis, Golden Pippa and White Rose. Correspondence promptly answered. 1219-131

PHILIPS BROTHERS, Dexter, Washington Co., breeders of thoroughbred Shorthorns. Young Mary, Phyllis, Pommers, Bell Duches, Bonnie Lass, etc. Families represented. Stock for sale. 1219-131

RICHARD DOUGHERTY, Prairie Valley Stock Farm, Howell, Livingston Co., breeder of thoroughbred Shorthorns and registered Merino Sheep. Stock for sale. 1219-131

S. CHAFFEE, Byron, Shawansee Co., breeder of Shorthorn cattle, Merino Sheep and Poland China swine. All stock recorded. Stock for sale. 1219-131

S. W. WIXOM, Wixom, Oakland Co., breeder of Shorthorn cattle. Registered Cattle, Registered Merino Sheep, and Jersey Red Swine. Correspondence solicited. 1219-131

W. E. BOYDEN, Delhi Mills, Wixom, Mich., breeder of Shorthorn cattle, Merino Sheep and Poland China swine. All stock recorded. Stock for sale. 1219-131

W. M. RALL, Hamburg, Livingston Co., breeder of Shorthorn cattle. Principal families: Rose of Sharon, Phyllis, Gwynnes, etc. Also breeder of Thoroughbred American Merinos and Poland China swine. 1219-131

W. M. GILMORE, Grand Blanc, breeder and dealer in American Merinos of pure Atwood blood. All stock registered. Good stock rams for sale. 1219-131

W. M. & ALEX. McPHERSON, Howell, Mich., breeders of Shorthorn cattle. Cattle and sheep. Stock for sale; prices reasonable. 1219-131

Holsteins.

A. UNDERWOOD, Addison, breeder and dealer in Holstein cattle. Stock for sale. Correspondence solicited. 1219-131

CHAS. F. GILLMAN, "Pondale" Stock Farm, Pawnee, breeder and dealer in thoroughbred Holstein cattle and Merino Sheep. 1219-131

C. L. HARRISON, Lansing, breeder of and dealer in pure Holstein cattle. Stock for sale. Correspondence solicited. 1219-131

E. R. PHILLIPS, Bay City, breeder and importer of Dutch-Friesian cattle. Some fine young bulls for sale. Correspondence solicited. 1219-131

J. M. STERLING, Monroe, breeder of pure Dutch-Friesian cattle. Stock for sale. Correspondence and personal inspection solicited. 1219-131

M. L. SWEET, Holly Bank Stock Farm, Grand Rapids, Mich., importer and breeder of thoroughbred registered Holstein (Dutch-Friesian) cattle. Catalogues on application. Correspondence and personal inspection solicited. 1219-131

R. WILLEY & PHILLIPS, Orchard Side, Mich., breeders of registered American Merino Sheep. Stock for sale. 1219-131

W. G. WASHBURN, Litchfield, Hillsdale Co., breeder and dealer in thoroughbred and imported Holstein cattle. Fine stock for sale. 1219-131

W. K. SEXTON, Howell, importer and breeder of thoroughbred Holstein cattle. Some fine young bulls for sale. 1219-131

Jerseys.

BATES & MARTIN, Grand River Herd of Jerseys. Old Noble and Albert 44 families. Choice young stock for sale. Address, No. 10 Canal St., Grand Rapids, Farm five miles east of city. 1219-131

G. R. SMITH, Meadow Brook Herd of Jerseys, Eagle, Mich. Stock 2000. The Le Breve and other famous strains represented. Houdan chickens, Pekin ducks and fancy pigeons. 1219-131

JERSEY HEIFERS & YOUNG COWS. A. J. H. B. stock, with fine class pedigrees, sold at low prices. For price list address R. M. WILLEY, Ypsilanti, Mich., or H. H. JAMES, Detroit, Mich. 1219-131

M. L. FRANK, Maple Grove Stock Farm, Oxford, Oakland Co., breeder of thoroughbred Jersey families: Alphea, Pieretta, and Lady Marys. Correspondence invited and prices low. 1219-131

W. J. G. DEAN, Oaklawn Herd, Howell, Mich., stock of the Alphea and other noted Cattle Club Register. Prices very reasonable. Quality of stock. Farm, 1/2 mile east of village. 1219-131

Herefords.

BROOK FARM HEREFORDS. David Clark, Proprietor, Lapeer. Correspondence solicited. 1219-131

RYECLADE STOCK FARM, Metamora, Mich., breeders of Hereford cattle, Merino Sheep, and Berkshire swine. All stock recorded. Address: Geo. Stone, M'g. 1219-131

THOMAS POSTEL, Elm Grove Stock Farm, P. O. Genesee Co., breeder of Hereford cattle (Lord Berwick) at head, and other noted Shropshire, Shropshire, Shire, Road and Trotter horses, with stallions Flint and Mambrino and Hambletonian breeding. Stock for sale. 1219-131

Galaways.

J. L. WICKES & CO., Colby, Montcalm and Percheron horses, with long legs in stud. 1219-131

R. P. CARUS, Essex, Clinton Co., St. Johns and other breeds of Galaway cattle. American Merino sheep and Essex hogs. Correspondence solicited. 1219-131

SHEEP—Merinos.

A. A. WOOD, Saline, Mich., breeder of thoroughbred Merino Sheep. A large stock constantly on hand. 1219-131

ADAM DIEHL, Milford, Mich., breeder of registered and unregistered American Merino Sheep. Stock for sale on very reasonable terms. Correspondence solicited. 1219-131

A. J. MCNULTY, Nottawa Prairie Farm, Menominee sheep and Percheron horses, with registered 866 in the stud. 1219-131

MILAN WILLET, Hazelwood Stock Farm, Maitland, Ionia Co., breeder of thoroughbred registered Merino sheep. Stock for sale. Correspondence solicited. 1219-131

A. MOS PARMENTER, Vernon, Shawansee Co., breeder of registered and high grade Jersey Red Swine. Strong constitution and long staple of wool. 1219-131

A. T. SHORT, Coldwater, breeder of thoroughbred Merino sheep. Stock in both Vermont and Michigan Registers. Stock for sale. Correspondence solicited. 1219-131

A. W. MARING, Burr Oak Grove Farm, Merino Sheep. Stock for sale. Correspondence solicited. 1219-131

C. W. WARNER, Saline, Washenaw Co., breeder of Vermont and Michigan registered thoroughbred Merino Sheep. Stock for sale. 1219-131

C. E. LOCKWOOD, Washington, Macomb Co., breeder of registered and high grade Jersey Red Swine. Strong constitution and long staple of wool. 1219-131

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C. E. LOCK

Poetry.

WISHING AND HAVING.

If to wish and to have were one, my dear,
You would be sitting now
With not a care in your tender heart,
Not a wrinkle upon your brow;
The clock of time would go back with you
All the years you have been my wife,
Till its golden hands had pointed out
The happiest hour of your life;
I would not be sad and sick and old—
If to wish and to have were one.

You are not here in the winter, my love,
The snow is not whirling down;
You are in the heart of the summer woods,
In your dear old seaside town;
A patter of little feet in the leaves,
A beautiful boy at your side;
He is gathering flowers in the shady nook—
It was but a dream that he died!

Keep hold of his hand and sing to him;
No mother under the sun
Has such a cherubic child as yours—
If to wish and to have were one.

Metkins I am with you there, dear wife,
In that old house by the sea;
I have flown to you as the bluebird flies
To his mate in the poplar tree.
A sailor's hammock hangs at the door,
You swing in it, bathed in hand;
A boat is standing in for the beach,
The keel grates on the sand;

Your brothers are coming—two happy men,
Whose lives have only begun;
Their days will be long in the land, dear heart—
If to wish and to have were one.

If to wish and to have were one, ah me!
I would not be old and poor,
But a young and prosperous gentleman,
With never a den at the door;
There would be no future to befall,
There would be no past to dread,
Your brothers would be live men again,
And my boy would not be dead.

Perhaps it will all come right at last;
It may be when all is done,
We shall be together in some good world,
Where to wish and to have are one.

—H. H. Stoddard.

WAITING.

Serene I find my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind, nor tide, nor sea;
I have no more 'gainst time or fate,
For lo! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delay;
For what avail this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways,
And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, away, by night or day,
The friends I seek are seeking me;
No wind can drive my bark astray,
Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone?
I wait with joy the coming years;
My heart shall reap where it has sown,
And garner up its fruit of tears.

The waters know their own and draw
The brook that springs in yonder heights;
So flows the good with equal law
Unto the soil of pure delights.

The stars come nightly to the sky,
The tidal wave unto the sea;
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,
Can keep my own away from me.

—John Burroughs.

Miscellaneous.

THE UNWILLING GUEST.

FROM THE HUNGARIAN.

The old Baron did not require much
pressing, but soon began his story:
I think, my friends, you have all heard
of the Countess Repey—the younger, of
course—the bewitching little sprite, my
little black-eyed Princess.

Mine! Only wish she were mine. You
must all know her. I suspect you have
all lost your hearts to her, as I have done;
yet I, insignificant as I am, have been
most favored. I drove in the same carriage
with her for a whole night! True,
there was a chaperon present, but I will
not have my good luck disparaged. But
may the devil fly away with such good
luck!

One evening, in an evil hour, it occurred
to her that her presence was indispensable
at a ball which was to take place at Arad
on the following night.

She immediately ordered her carriage.
I was the only person near at hand.
"Please, dear Baron," she cried, "escort
me to Arad."

"Dear Baron, dear Baron!" What an-
swer could I give her?
"Countess, *ma deesse*, it is dark as Ere-
bus, the carriage will be upset; we have
to cross three rivers—it will be a wonder
if even two have safe bridges. We shall
be drowned, Countess; our road lies
through a forest of vast extent, lonely as
the grave, and infested with thieves and
murderers. We shall be assassinated—I
could not protect you alone! Besides, why
should we hurry so? Let us have an early
cup of tea and set out in the morning; we
shall reach Arad by noon, and you will
have the whole afternoon for your toilet.
Let us start to-morrow, Countess."

My representations were futile—she
would start instantly. You know how
obstinate she is. She said she "did not
wish to postpone everything till the last
moment," she wished "to recover from
the fatigue of the journey." "How can I
step straight out of the carriage into the
hall-room after being heated, jolted,
crushed, and tumbled by the drive?"

And, besides, she has a mania for driv-
ing at night—it is "so lovely, so romantic,
the stars, the frogs, the moonbeams."
These were all pretenses—she was deter-
mined to satisfy her whim at any cost.

Enfin, what should I do? accompany
her, or stay alone in the castle—a sweet
alternative. I chose the former course;
in her gratitude she allowed me the privi-
lege of sitting opposite her in the car-
riage.

fell asleep again; then the chaperon, who
was suffering from *migraine*, began a
querulous conversation, whimpering pite-
ously the while. I closed my eyes, feign-
ing sleep. Suddenly the carriage stopped
and began to heel over on one side, as if
it also was about to seek repose.

The coachman jumped off the box and
came to the window.
"I am almost afraid, your ladyship, that
we have lost our way."
"What matters?" answered the Count-
ess, "does not the road lie before us?
Drive on, of course."

"There is a road, my lady, but where
does it lead?"
"It must lead somewhere."
"But I am afraid it will lead us to a
place not altogether safe."
"What a fool you are! Every place is
safe—where are we now?"

"In the forest of Szalonta."
"Well, this forest ends somewhere. If
I remember right it only takes two hours
to drive through it either way."
"But the coachman is afraid," I ven-
tured.

"Is he paid for being afraid?"
"He is afraid, dear Countess, that
something disagreeable may happen to
you."
"That's no affair of his."
"Or that the horses—"
"Well, that's his lookout."

"That there are some poor devils in
this forest who try to get their living by—"
"Folly! Isn't our coachman a poor
devil himself?"

"Yes, yes; but he means those poor
men who are in the habit of relieving one
of a horse, and not unfrequently of a car-
riage too. Countess, *ma deesse*, it is no
joke; they might steal the horses, take our
lives, or even worse. If I only had my
revolver with me!"

"So that you might have it stolen too,"
jested the fair fiend. Thereupon she
opened the carriage door and before I
could prevent her, leaped gracefully out
into the darkness. "Oh, what a lovely
night! How fragrant the forest is! how
the glow worms sparkle! Look at them,
dear Baron!"

"Look! what am I to look at? It is
pitch dark, I cannot see anything."
"Nothing! Is not that a light gleaming
under the trees yonder?"

My blood curdled. We were close to the
robbers' den. The coachman had also
described the light; he now said, in a voice
which resembled that of a man who was
being hanged:

"That is the inn, my lady, frequented
by the poor men."
"Capital! Drive to the inn, coachman,
for we have no other refuge for the
night."

I was in despair. "For Heaven's sake,
Countess, what are you going to do? This
is a notorious den of thieves, where we
shall all be assassinated; the host is a con-
federate; many travelers have already met
their death. Only lately I read in the pa-
pers—"

The diabolical creature interrupted me
with a loud laugh.
"These are only old women's tales,"
she said; "who is afraid of such imagi-
nary bogeys? If there were a hotel any
where near, we should of course drive to
it. As it is, we must put up with the
tavern."

So saying, she told the coachman to fol-
low her slowly with the carriage; she
meant to advance on foot, to show him
the way. Remonstrances were useless,
she threatened to penetrate the *carriage*
alone if we would not accompany her.
The little Countess would have done it,
too! As we approached the building,
strains of gypsy music became audible.

"Strange!" jested the Countess, "we
wanted to go to a ball, and here we have
suddenly lit upon one. How very fortunate!"

With these words she walked up to the
door.
For a moment I reflected that it would
be wisest to leave her here, and to betake
myself to the forest; but it would not have
been right to forsake her, and, besides, I
had no choice, for Mademoiselle Cesarine,
the chaperon, had seized my arm, which
she would not relinquish. Poor creature,
she was half dead with fright, and shook
like an aspen leaf. At some distance we
could hear the wild shouts with which
those assembled in the tavern accompa-
nied their dance. Nothing daunted by
all this, the Countess boldly opened the
door and walked in.

after me, but missed his aim. Pray be-
seated, Countess."
Here was a pleasant acquaintance! The
Countess sat down on a bench. Fekete
seated himself beside her. He never
asked me to sit down; he seemed utterly
unconscious of my presence.

"Where were you driving at such a late
hour?" he inquired.
"Don't tell him! Don't tell him!" I
telegraphed with my eyes.
"To Arad, to the casino ball." (Fare-
well to your ball dress and jewels!"
thought I.)

"Indeed! It was a lucky chance for us
that brought you here. We are giving
a ball, too, and if her ladyship does not
despise our invitation, I think I can
promise her a delightful evening. Our
gypsies are excellent musicians; they play
cardas which make the blood course like
fire through one's veins." Turning to the
musicians, he added: "Let us have your
song of 'The Beautiful Woman,' and
mind how it is played."

Without another word the barefaced
fellow, as soon as the music began, slipped
his arm around the waist of the fair
Countess, and swung her into the middle
of the room.

Another impudent fellow rushed up to
Mademoiselle Cesarine, who was half
fainting from fright and agitation, and
pulled her up to dance. After a few turns
he passed her on to another—this was re-
peated till the poor creature found herself
in a sad plight.

The Countess, on the other hand, was
gliding about among all the noise with
the same calmness and enjoyment as if
she were waltzing on the waxed floor at
Arad.

She was never lovelier or more seduc-
tive than at this moment. I have often
seen Hungarian dancing, both at the
theatre and at balls, but I shall never for-
get the way in which these two danced.
First the Betyar, with majestic steps, led
his partner once or twice round the room,
his face proud, his gestures imposing.
Suddenly he sprang into the middle of
the room with a loud shout, the fiery Hun-
garian music waxing wilder and wilder.

Slowly, with steps full of grace, the
Countess commenced the dance. She flut-
tered about like a butterfly, touching
every flower, but alighting on none. Now
and again the bandit bent over her as if
about to embrace her. Suddenly stop-
ping, he would throw back his head and
turn aside with wonderful grace, the be-
witching little fairy floating toward him
at one moment as if about to throw her
self into his arms, then drawing back and
luring him hither and thither in pursuit
of her, the glance of their eyes alone
showing that they formed one couple.

At last the Betyar turned round com-
pletely and placed himself in front of the
gypsies, as if he had turned his back on
his partner, wishing in his rage to dance
quite alone; again with one bound he re-
sumed his place before her, their hands
met, and he waltzed around with her at
lightning speed. It almost made me gid-
dy to watch them.

I feared all the time that the unblush-
ing rogue would in his excitement be rude
to the Countess. He had ample oppor-
tunity. One misdeed more or less could
matter nothing to a man with a price on
his head—the Countess was quite in his
power. I was determined that if he for-
got himself or displayed any impropriety
in his manner toward the Countess I
should make a rush for the pistols and
shoot him down like a dog. What are
you smiling at? *Parole d'honneur!* I
was bent upon it!

Nothing of the kind occurred. Fekete
led the Countess to her seat, reverently
kissed her hand, and then turned to me.
Laying his hand familiarly on my shoulder
he said:

"And you, old gentleman, you are not
dancing."
(Insolence! "Old gentleman" to me!)
"Thank you, I cannot dance."
"Indeed; that alters the case." He
turned away to the Countess: "Pardon
us, your ladyship, for not being duly pre-
pared for the reception of distinguished
guests. I hope you will be content with
what we have; it is not much, indeed, but
none the worse for that."

He alluded to the supper. It was a
sumptuous banquet, I can tell you. A
small kettle filled with slices of lamb was
placed on the table, and the whole band
gathered round it. The riches of the
world would not have procured a plate;
each person fished scraps of meat out of
the kettle with a pocket knife and a bit of
bread. My little Countess ate as though
she had had nothing for three days. The
Captain of the band himself selected the
titties for her, and cut several pieces of
white bread. Her appetite was excellent.

Fekete suddenly remarked that I was
taking no part in the repast. He first
frowned ominously, but soon recovered
his temper, and smilingly inquired why I
did not eat.

"Eat away—eat away, old gentleman;
this will fatten you; stolen meat is very
nourishing."
"Thank you," I answered, "it is too
highly seasoned for me."
The wine, of course, was served in a
kulacsch—such people know nothing of
glasses. After their custom, Fekete drank
first himself. Rubbing the neck of the
vessel with his wristband, he handed the
wine to the Countess, who took it readily,
and, putting her lips to it, drained a
hearty draught. Think of it, my friends—
she drank, and a good deal, too!

Once more it came to my turn: "Drink,
old boy," ("old boy" he had come to now),
"drink, just to wake yourself up."
"Thank you, I am not allowed to drink;
I live homeopathically."
"Ah!" laughed he. "Understand, *simi-
lia similibus*." (He even understood
Latin!) "I also follow the homeopathic
system; yesterday wine did me an injury,
to-day I cure myself with wine."

I felt sure that they wished to intoxicate
us first, and then take our lives. How they
could drink, too! Though only five in
number, they emptied a cask of wine and
rose from the table perfectly sober. While
the others took some wine to the gypsies
the Captain again approached, your hum-
ble servant:

"Well, well, old gentleman," ("Devil
take you, with your 'old gentleman'!"
thought I.) "you don't eat, drink, or
dance? How do you pass your time? Do
you play cards?"

He took a pack of cards from his pocket.
"Now," thought I, "he wants to find
out how much money I have."
"I don't do that either," I answered;
"I have never played."
"No matter. I'll soon teach you a game
—it's very easy. Look here. I put one
card here, and another there. You stake
on that, I on this; whoever's number first
turns up wins the stakes."

The shameless fellow wanted to teach
me *laquenet*—as if the acquirement of
this game had not cost me two of my
estates! Yet I had to allow him to teach
me. I had a little silver and some coppers
in my pocket—this I thought I might risk.
"What! you don't want to play for cop-
pers with me? Whom do you take me for,
Sir? Here is the bank."

He threw a whole pile of brand-new
ducats on the table. I had a few gold
pieces in a pocketbook; tremblingly I laid
one on a card. The cards were shuffled,
and I won. The robber paid me. At no
price would I venture to take up my win-
nings. I left it as a fresh stake. I won
again, and did the same thing. For the
third, fourth, fifth, and sixth times I won.
Thick drops of perspiration covered my
forehead. It is not exactly one of the
pleasures of life to win money from a rob-
ber. The seventh time also the stakes
were mine. I quivered like an aspen leaf.
Why had I not had this ill-timed luck at
Presburg during the Diet? How ardently
I prayed that Providence would relieve
me of the money and allow the robber to
pay for once! Vain the wish—for the
eighth time I also was the winner. Now
indeed I was a dead man.

"Old boy," said the robber, with a
smile, "you must be in love with the
beautiful Countess, or you would not have
such good luck at cards." The man still
had the face to joke at my expense. My
heart beat as if it would burst when he
shuffled the ninth time. "There it is,
you've won again!" Fekete struck the
table with his fist so that the gold jingled,
and rose from his seat. "If you went on
winning like this, old gentleman, I might
in an hour lose all the money of the
neighborhood," he cried, with a laugh,
putting the remaining pieces of money in
his pocket.

Trembling, I ventured to offer him the
sum which I had won. Proud as a bid-
dow, he cast a glance of withering scorn at
me.

"What do you take me for, Sir? Put
your money into your pocket, or I will
throw you and it out of the window."
Good God! what was I to do with this
money, which had doubtless already been
the cause of bloodshed, and would proba-
bly lead eventually to my own destruc-
tion?

In my trepidation I threw it, large sum
as it was, to the gypsies. I regretted the
act at once; it betrayed the fact that I was
rich, and that money was no object to me.
The gypsies overwhelmed me with thanks,
and offered to play me anything I liked.
I sent them to the Countess to be rid of
them. Without much pressing the Count-
ess, with the voice of a siren, set up one
of her favorite Volkslieder. Forgetting
in the perfection of the melody all the sur-
rounding circumstances, I applauded as
madly as if I were in my opera box at
Pesth. The bandit captain applauded
just as heartily, and volunteered to sing
himself. He favored us with one of those
indigenous melodies which may be heard
in every village at the corner of every
street. The song ended, he turned to me:

"Now, old gentleman, it is your turn;
we must have your song."
I was in a sad quandary. I sing!—under
such circumstances, too!—I who, except
the song, "Fare thee well, thou silent
house!" had never been able to learn a
tune in my life.

"I cannot sing—I can't sing at all!"
(The fiend of a woman who had got us
into this fix always laughs immoderately
when I absently begin to hum an operatic
air. I have a high squeaking voice. A
peacock is more melodious.)

The Countess begged me in French to
sing something, as my refusal might be
hurtful to all. That was all that was
wanting—what was I to do? Convinced
with terror, my heart transfixed as it were
with fear, I commenced: "Fare thee well,
thou silent house."

I sang in a soul-stirring, yet ear-split-
ting fashion. Painfully enough I got half-
way through my song; when in my third
strophe, by an unlucky mischance, I made
an agonizing blunder. The Countess could
no longer contain herself, but burst into a
hearty laugh. The bandits also began to
laugh; and lastly, I myself joined in the
chorus, though I had little cause for mer-
itement.

The dance was then renewed. The
Countess was unwearied. They danced
till dawn. Not till the sun's first rays be-
gan to peep through the windows did she
interrupt the festivities, and beg her part-
ners, as it was high time, to have the
horses put to.

"We shall now see their true aspect,"
thought I; "may God have mercy on our
souls!"
The robber went out, roused the coach-
man and servants, had the horses harnes-
sed, and then announced that the carriage
was ready for our departure.

"Of course, they mean to murder us on
our way," thought I.
I got inside the carriage with more
alarm than I lighted. It seemed so suspi-
cious to me that they did not demand
my purse. The chief of the band at the
same time mounted his horse and accompa-
nied us to the high road; after directing
us on our way, and expressing hopes that
we should enjoy the ball, he took leave of
us and rode off to rejoin his companions.
I did not breathe freely till we reached
Zierid. I then began to reproach the
Countess with her very thoughtless con-
duct, and to remind her how great had
been the danger to which she was ex-
posed, from which my authority alone had
rescued her. Who knows what might
have happened to the Countess had I not
been with her? The humiliation, too, of
dancing the *cardas* with Betyars till day-
break!

"Not in the least," I answered, crossly.
"Then be so good as to sing me the
song which you left unfinished."
You may imagine how quickly I became
sleepy.

I had flattered myself that the Countess
would find purchase my silence with some
of the sweetest marks of her favor. How
mistaken I was! We reached Arad at
about six o'clock—half an hour later all
the fashionable world was in possession
of the details of the story. She even
robbed me of this slight satisfaction.

She was the belle of the evening. She
did not dance, however, and thus failed
to follow up her latest triumph; yet she
was queen of the ball. She pleaded wear-
iness as her excuse. I can well believe she
was weary after dancing eighteen *cardas*
in one night. I had not danced at all, yet
I was confoundedly tired.

I hastened to the cardroom. "I am in
luck to-day," I thought. They were play-
ing *laquenet* at one table. "Now I shall
luck out, my pigeons." Nicely I laid
them down—I lost all my ready money,
and incurred a debt of a thousand gulden.

Six months after these events I read in
one of our political organs the announce-
ment that Fekete Jofzi, the celebrated
robber chief, was lying in prison at Szeged-
din condemned to death, and that he
would be executed according to law, in
that town. I at once hastened to tell the
news to our little Countess.

"What a pity!" she remarked, laying
down the paper; "he was such a charm-
ing dancer!"—*Temple Bar*.

Why Our Teeth Decay.
"Doctor, I've taken so much strong
medicine, that—"
"Oh, please stop! Pardon me, but I
see you are beginning the same old story.
Now let me do this talking. I suppose
you think your physician is wholly re-
sponsible for your decayed teeth, because
you casually learned that the iron tonic
he prescribed contained muriatic acid. Or
possibly he prescribed hydrochloric acid.
It is always well to take such medi-
cines through a tube and then rinse the
mouth thoroughly. But not one of these
agents, however carefully administered,
is capable of doing one quarter of the
mischief which an examination of your
mouth reveals. The havoc has been
wrought by acids, it is true; but they were
born in the mouth. You have what were
formerly a beautiful set of pearly white
teeth. Some time ago you discovered
several decayed spots, which rapidly grew
worse, so that your teeth seemed fairly
to melt away."

"Take a mirror and examine one of
these. The enamel is translucent, breaks
down easily, and reveals a larger cavity
than you suspected. This cavity is par-
tially filled with a whitish pulpy debris,
and when you probe it the walls are quite
sensitive. Hot and cool drinks hurt, and
food lodging in the cavity starts the tooth
to aching. Nitric acid did it. Whence
the nitric acid? From the composition of
ammonia in the mouth. Frequently the
functions of the skin, kidneys and other
excretory organs become impaired, the
blood becomes overloaded with ammonia
(which, in a vigorous, healthy condition,
is carried out of the system), and even-
tually this ammonia finds its way through
the salivary ducts into the mouth. Then
ensues a beautiful chemical reaction.
The particles of nitrogenous food which
have been suffered to accumulate between
the teeth—you're not going to interrupt
me?"

"Why, I brush my teeth after every
meal, doctor."
"You do? And do you use your tooth-
pick and bit of string with scrupulous
care to clear all the spaces? What is this
lodged here between these teeth? A shred
of beef?"

"This shred of beef, then, as we were
saying, decomposes after awhile, and
liberates nitrogen, hydrogen and oxygen.
This latter agent instantly unites with
the free ammonia in the mouth, and a
small quantity of nitric acid is the result.
This nascent acid, which is far more
energetic in its action than nitric acid
taken in the mouth, attacks instantly the
lime salts of the tooth surface with which
it may be in contact, and decay is the re-
sult."

"What is the remedy? Cleanliness,
first of all; and, secondly, anything that
will neutralize the ammonia. Fruit or
vegetable acid will do this. Eat more
cherries, apples, berries, pickles, sauer-
kraut, drink lemonade. Try water made
tart with vinegar at meals. Do you un-
derstand, now, why your daughter gives
an agonizing shriek. The Countess could
no longer contain herself, but burst into a
hearty laugh. The bandits also began to
laugh; and lastly, I myself joined in the
chorus, though I had little cause for mer-
itement.

The dance was then renewed. The
Countess was unwearied. They danced
till dawn. Not till the sun's first rays be-
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"We shall now see their true aspect,"
thought I; "may God have mercy on our
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Countess with her very thoughtless con-
duct, and to remind her how great had
been the danger to which she was ex-
posed, from which my authority alone had
rescued her. Who knows what might
have happened to the Countess had I not
been with her? The humiliation, too, of
dancing the *cardas* with Betyars till day-
break!

She listened quietly to my reproaches;
when I had finished she said:
"Apropos of daybreak, dear Baron, are
you not sleepy?"

named, still, if you are greatly alarmed at
its inroads, avoid the use of eggs and such
food as abounds in sulphur. Your breath
is likely to betray the presence of sul-
phuretted hydrogen, which does not at all
resemble attar of roses.

"Lactic and acetic acids also affect
some teeth. The former acid causes an
erosion of the surface of the tooth—with-
out definite lines of decay. The lactic
fermentation of saccharine matter used in
preparing tobacco explains its presence in
the mouths of old inveterates. The remedy
is fruit acids."

"Thus far have we spoken only of the
active agents of decay. The vitality of
the individual has much to do with the
matter of decay of the teeth. Fevers en-
feeble the system and favor decay. Don't
blame the medicines. The acids your
physician administers correct vitiated con-
ditions in the system, so that if the teeth
suffer it is probably in spite of his medi-
cines, rather than because of them. After
typhoid fever, especially, look out for de-
cay."—*Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette*.

Crowley, the Chimpanzee.
A New York letter says: The monkey-
house in Central Park says: The monkey-
house yesterday that Captain Beatty had a
policeman stationed outside to keep the
people in line. The attraction was the
young chimpanzee, newly arrived, and
the first ever sent to the park. Jake Cook
is the chimpanzee's principal attendant.
"I call him Crowley," said Cook, yester-
day, "for that is as close as I can come to
the name the owner gave him. The owner
is now in Washington. When he left
the young'un here, it cried and almost
went into a fit. The gentleman opened
the cage and the young'un sprang out,
threw its arms around his neck and sob-
bed like a child. He finally scolded it
and made it go to bed. It tucked the
blanket around itself and sobbed itself to
sleep." For fear that strangers may give
the prisoner unwholesome food, the cage,
besides being constantly watched, has a
strong wire screen around it. The chim-
panzee had been breakfasting yesterday
morning on rice and milk and a banana.

"Here Crowley, boy," Cook called, and
a very human little fellow came to the
front of the cage. His hands are perfect-
ly shaped, and the finger nails are round
ed like a well tended child's. The feet
are perfect from the big to the little toe,
and Crowley walked as well as a child of
six. He has two rows of pearly teeth,
and his brown eyes are as intelligent as
possible. When he is vexed they fill with
tears. When the door of the cage was
opened, Crowley threw his arms around
Cook's neck and kissed him, and then
cooed contentedly in his arms. Cook of-
fered him an orange, and withdrew it as
Crowley reached for it. With a scream
of disappointment Crowley threw himself
on the floor of the cage and lay there sob-
bing. When the experiment was repeat-
ed Crowley became frenzied, beat the
walls of the cage with his hands, rolled
over and over, and wept bitterly. At last
Cook offered the orange in good faith.
Big tears were rolling down Crowley's
cheeks and his breast was heaving as he
approached, hesitatingly, and took the
fruit as a timid child might do. His tears
were turned to a good imitation of laugh-
ter. After Crowley had eaten the orange,
Cook and his assistant began playing with
him. They sparred at him and he
spurred at them, doubling his little fists.
"Oof!" exclaimed Cook. "Oof!" re-
sponded the chimpanzee, so naturally as
to startle the crowds who were watching
the performance.

"I take him out into the park on warm
days," said Cook, "and let him run on
the grass. I lie down in the sunshine,
and he lies down at my side. If I get up
and tell him to lie there, he will do so;
but if I

THE POTATO.

Pair excellent, what person, saint or sinner, But welcome to each day upon his table, Especially at noon without his dinner, Fresh from the hill or sheltering bed of sabbath?

How would a beefsteak look without thee, facing With thy mild eyes, thy blushes faint and tender? How would it taste without thy round form gracing The dish of which its savory juices wander?

With bursting sides, dry as roasted chestnuts, With fine-grained starchy flesh—a piping plate—What man, though epicure he be, would waste not To do thee ample justice and be grateful?

When dessert comes, a flaky paste or pudding, To follow well, I grant, oft-times we need it; But we do not, though plums its side are standing, If thou dost not, fair tuber, just precede it.

Old Ireland lifts her heart each year and blesses Thee as her friend; when corn and wine have vanished, Thou hast relieved her wants, her sore distresses; When, but for thee, thousands would have famished.

In rows, in hills, thy slender stem is growing; Thy thrice alive in shine or partial shadow; All through this pleasant land thy green is showing From Maine's far coast to plains of Colorado.

Luscious, healthful plant, for one would praise thee, Admire the flower where'er I see thee blooming As beautiful—though common as the daisy; And greet thy spheres when'er I see them coming.

Give all due praise to squashes and cucumbers, To sugary beets, the smooth, ripe, red tomato; But, generous friend, do this I write thee number here, Then shalt thou commoner: thou bluest potato!

—The Irish World.

Pat's Shrewd Purchase.

"Pat," said a reporter to a prominent political light of a suburban town, "I hear you have been buying a house."

"An' it's makin' fun o' me ye are?" said Pat.

"Making fun of you? Why, no. Why should I make fun of you?"

"Well, I didn't know but ye had heard how I bought it."

"Why, no, Pat," said the reporter. "How was it?"

"Ye see, the house was a foine one, an' it was advertised to be sold at auction, because the mon was agoin' to build a bigger one."

"Yes, I see," said the reporter.

"An' says Bridget, says she, 'Pat, couldn't we buy it, sure,' says she, 'an' move it on to the bit of a lot we own?'"

"And a very good plan, too," said the reporter.

"An' says I, 'Biddy,' says I, 'we'll see,' says I.

"Well, when the day came I went to the auction an' I stud in the crowd, an' by an' by the feller what did the talkin' stud up formin' the corner of the house an' says he, 'Gentlemen,' says he, 'how much am I bid for the house?' says he.

"An' says I, 'I'll give yez fifteen dollars,' says I.

"An' says he, 'I have twenty alridy,' says he.

"Twenty-five," says I.

"An' then they commenced to bid, one an' an' an' I bid with the rist. By an' by they all stopped but two or three, an' I had bid a hundred an' fifty."

"A hundred and sixty," says the man.

"A hundred and sixty-five," says I.

"An' so we went on, five and ten dollars at a time, until there was only one man left, an' he was round the corner where I couldn't see him, but the auctioneer could see him, because he stood formin' the corner, d'ye see?"

"But I was bound to have the house, an' I kept on biddin' till I had bid two hundred an' ninety-five."

"Thry hundred," says the netherin' villian. "An' says I, 'let him have it,' says I. 'Not another cent I'll give.'"

"Sold for thry hundred dollars," said the man, an' the crowd began to go away.

"Then, says I to myself, 'I'll jist go round the ither side an' see who the ould diggit that paid thry hundred dollars for the ould house.' So I went round and mit Bridget.

"Biddy," says I, 'we've lost it,' says I.

"Pat," says she, 'we've got it,' says she.

"What d'ye mane?" says I.

"I've bought the house," says she.

"But the ould rascal the ither side made me pay thry hundred for it," says she.

"Biddy," says I, 'yez may jist knock me down wid yer dink-dink,' says I.

"An' that's the way I bought the house, but don't put it in the paper,"—Boston Globe.

A Curious Calculation.

In a recent lecture "On Fixed Stars," Dr. David Gill wanted an illustration of the distance to Alpha Centauri. This is what he said:

"We are a commercial people, we like to make our estimates in pounds sterling. We shall suppose that some wealthy directors have failed in getting parliamentary sanction to cut a sub-Atlantic tunnel to America, and so for want of some other outlet for their energy and capital, they construct a railway to Alpha Centauri. We neglect for the present the engineering difficulties—a mere detail—and suppose them overcome and the railroad open for traffic. We shall go further, and suppose that the directors have found the construction of such a railway to have been peculiarly easy, and that the proprietors of the interstellar space had not been exorbitant in their terms for right of way. Therefore, with a view to encourage traffic, the directors had made the fares exceedingly moderate, viz., first-class at one penny per 100 miles. Desiring to take advantage of these facilities, an American gentleman, by way of providing himself with small change for the journey, buys up the national debt of England and a few other countries, and presenting himself at the booking office demands a first class single to Alpha Centauri.

"For this he tenders in payment the scrip of the national debt of England, which just covers the cost of his ticket; but I should explain that at this time the national debt from little wars, coupled with some unremunerative government investments in landed property, had run up the national debt to £700,000,000 to £1,100,000,000 sterling. Having taken his seat it occurs to him to ask, 'At what rate do you travel?' 'Sixty miles an hour, sir, including stoppages,' is the answer. Then

when shall we reach Alpha Centauri? 'In 48,668,000 years, sir.' 'Humph!' rather a long journey."

Judgement on a Hot Mexican Dish.

Some time ago Col. Millbank visited Mexico, and, upon returning, declared that the Mexicans are the only people in the world who know how to cook.

"Why," said he to his wife, "their dish of 'cheely' is excellent. You take a handful of bird-peppers, mix in a little meal, and stew 'em up. Of course it's hot, and, especially with a stranger, seems to be composed of three parts fire and one part torment; but after a man gets used to it, why there's nothing that has such a tendency to promote digestion. It undoubtedly prolongs life, keeps the mind active, and tends toward a general promotion of good feeling. I have brought home a sack of those peppers, and at every meal after this I shall expect my favorite dish."

Bird-peppers entered into the Colonel's daily diet. No one thought of sharing the dish with him until several days ago, when old Sam Blackmore of Red Fork Township came to the city and called at the Colonel's house.

The old man, while at dinner, noticed the host dipping into what appeared to be cooked tomatoes, and, during an animated discussion into which the subject of a literal place of torment in the world to come entered strongly, he reached over and helped himself to a spoonful of stewed pepper.

"Now," said the old fellow, lifted a good sized blade on the point of his knife, and holding it near his mouth until he should reach a semicolon. "I am a little quar in my belief, and don't hesitate to say that the wicked will be roasted like a 'possum'."

He dropped his knife, wiped his tongue on his coat-sleeve, and, without speaking, he 'hailed off' with a sauce-bottle and knocked the Colonel down. The Colonel, being resentful and impetuous, arose and discouraged old Blackmore's familiarity by hurling his favorite dish into his visitor's frank and open countenance.

A hand-to-hand encounter ensued, resulting in the defeat of the Colonel and the subsequent arrest of the old man. The case was taken to court, and tried by an eminent Justice of the Peace, a jurist whose idea of justice rarely meets with reversal, except when it chances to fall under the severe gaze of a judge who knows the law.

When the lawyers had closed their arguments the old Justice killed a horse-fly with a paper-cutter and said:

"This court is ready to deliver its opinion. The court holds that the defendant had a right to visit the land of the Montezumas and Cortezes, and while there had a perfect right to form a taste for the dishes prepared by the inhabitants of that country. This court furthermore holds that the defendant had a perfect right to prepare the dish and eat it under the American flag; in other words, he had a right to put it on his table."

"Then I understand," said the lawyer for the plaintiff, "that you have decided in our favor?"

"Just wait, if you please, until this court has concluded the decision. In order to be thoroughly prepared to judge the case wisely, this court ordered and tasted a sample of the stuff brought from the depraved land of the Montezumas, and this court is prepared to say that a man who wouldn't knock a fellow down for placing such a hidden mine of explosive compounds within his reach ought to be kept out of the right of suffrage. This court would advise the plaintiff to keep out of the defendant's way, but will say that if the defendant pizen out of his disposition, he will lay himself liable to a fine and the odium of being considered a blamed fool by this court."—Arkansas Traveler.

Style Did It.

"Well, it's about grub time," remarked a tramp to one of his fellows on the station platform; "just you keep your eye on me an' I'll show yer a trick what's worth havin' wid yer. Go down there behind the water tank an' wait for me."

No. 2 did as he was told. No. 1 stepped behind a convenient freight car. He was as ragged and dirty as the average of his class. His hat had probably done duty on the top of a stick in some corner. Pulling from beneath his coat a piece of cardboard that had a railway advertisement on one side, and that was white on the other, he slashed its corners off with an old pocket knife and cut a scollop in one end. A piece of white paper came from one of his pockets. The cardboard, white side out, was slipped under his dirty vest, the scollop just fitting his neck. The piece of paper was deftly folded, and the corners clipped and placed around his greasy neck. Two pins fastened the paper to the cardboard. Two more fixed the cardboard firmly under the vest. Just then the through train came in. The dinner gong rattled on the platform. Over the steps of a coach behind the freight car came Mr. Tramp. His mother wouldn't have recognized him. He was bareheaded. His shirt-front was glossy white. His collar was the cleanest seen there that day. He had left his old hat behind. He looked nearly as respectable as any of the passengers with whom he rushed for the lunch room. At the counter his ragged pantaloons and clay-covered shoes could not be seen by the waiters. "Here, put these two plates of cold chicken, them sandwiches and a couple of coffees on a tray; quick now!" he shouted; "got to go 'way back to the sleeper with 'em." A few minutes later two tramps were enjoying a snug lunch behind the water tank. "I say, pard, how'd that for a game, anyhow?" chuckled the one with the snowy bosom; "nothin' like puttin' on style if yer want to get along in the world."—Chicago Herald.

Way Up in G.

A farmer hailing from the township of Albee, a few days ago brought the first load of wheat to the city and sold it. His raiment was much the worse for wear, and his feet were perfectly innocent of shoes or stockings, and the man was in a generally dilapidated condition. On his way to the city he was met by some

vegetable peddlers who, smarting under the recent action of the authorities in compelling them to pay a license for plying their trade, told the innocent granger that he would be compelled to procure a license before he could dispose of his wheat. This information, of course, had no tendency to make the farmer feel jubilant, and upon his arrival in the city he hid him to the Police Headquarters for the purpose of ascertaining whether the story told by the peddler was true, and was greatly relieved upon being informed that such was not the case. His general appearance, and especially his want of foot-covering, caused the bystanders to smile, a fact which the granger noticed, and he said:

"Don't laugh, boys! It's hard, but it's honest! I have got to go barefooted because I can't afford boots, but I'll be all right when I sell my wheat."

Having sold his wheat his spirits rose to a high altitude, and meeting an old-time friend he called him by name, shook hands and said:

"Hello! I brought the first load of wheat of the season to town to-day and sold it. I was almost afraid to come, for fear my rags would whip me to death, but I sold my wheat and now I can have some new clothes and shoes. Mary came too, and she is going to have some new clothes, also. Here's Mary." And calling his wife he introduced her to the friend and continued:

"For two years we have been starving to death, but now we are going to have good crops and are going right in the front, thank the Lord! We are 'way up in G!' I tell you," and he started off, the happiest man in the city, repeatedly assuring his friend that he was "coming to the front" and had reached the highest of high altitudes. "Way up in G!"—Saginaw Herald.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Dr. Holmes does not save his bright thoughts for print and the public, but is often as witty while chatting with one or two friends, as was ever the "Autocrat or Professor of the Breakfast Table."

A young physician once asked him for a suitable motto.

"Small fevers gratefully received," was the witty response.

He was once complaining, in a comical way, to a lady, of the minute portion of honey that was given to him at a hotel, at tea.

"A mere trifle: the work of a very young bee in an idle half hour."

"Did they give you no comb, Doctor?" she laughingly inquired.

"Possibly one tooth, Madam!" he answered.

Several of the now famous writers and lecturers of Boston were speaking of their lecture experiences, when the subject of pay was brought up.

Each man of the company was certain that he had received the smallest sum. But Dr. Holmes made a climax by saying:

"Listen, gentlemen. I had engaged to give a lecture for five dollars. After it was over, a grave-looking deacon came to me, and said:

"Mr. Holmes, we agreed to give you five dollars, but as your talk wasn't just what we expected; I guess that few fifty will dew."

—Youth's Companion.

Prairie Dogs Coming East.

The march of the prairie dog is a standing threat against the future prosperity of the grazing districts of the State, says a Texas paper. Draw a line from Red River south to the Colorado, so as to run about the western lines of Throckmorton, Shackelford, Callahan and Coleman counties, and you mark the front of the great immigration army ever dreamed of by man. From this line west 350 miles every square mile is infested by these devouring pests. They thickly inhabit a section of country 300 miles long and 350 miles wide. The advent of the white man into this country has but increased their numbers, as man has destroyed the wolves, badgers, rattlesnakes, panthers and other animals which prey upon the prairie dogs. They eat the grass in the summer and the grass roots in winter, and the consequence is that what was but a few years ago the finest grazing region in America, is fast becoming a veriduous desert. Unlike all other animals in America, the prairie dog is migrating not west but east. Only a year or two ago his eastern line was about the western line of this country. In a short time he has advanced his frontier east about five miles into Shackelford, Throckmorton and other counties lying north and south of Shackelford. Unless checked, he will soon ravage all mesquite grass land in the State, and will then descend, in countless hosts, upon the black, waxy farming land of Tarrant, Dallas, Collins and the other counties east of us. It is no exaggeration to say that \$10,000,000 does not exceed the value of the grass annually consumed by the prairie dogs of northwest Texas.

VARIETIES.

"Now, let me see if I understand this Presidential election at Chicago," said a blushing bride at Niagara Falls, to her spouse, as they gazed at the Niagara Falls, after they had enriched the backman for life; "Blaine and Cleveland were chosen, were they not, my deary?"

"They were nominated at Chicago, my sweetest—were they not?"

"When will they be elected, my angel love?"

"Only one of them will be elected, dove."

"Then why were they both nominated at Chicago, my pretty pet?"

"You see, my dear, one is a Democrat and the other is a Republican."

"Then what is the use of having two men nominated at Chicago if they can't both be elected? I know there are always two men on the ticket. There was Tilden and Hendricks, and Hayes and Wheeler. Pa told me so."

"Yes; but you must understand that there is a Vice President."

"Oh, my darling of darlings!" exclaimed the bride, reproaching herself for her doubts; "I see it all now. Cleveland is to be President and Mr. Blaine Vice President."

Then the husband mortgaged a farm of his and took his bride for a drive to Whirlpool Rapids in a hack.

"See, here, Mr. Blaine, what are you going out to night for?" asked Mrs. B., with threatening look.

"A Burlington mother has a special room for administering corporal punishment to her children. She calls it her box office."

"Big political meeting to-night," exclaimed Mr. B.

"Politics? meeting, eh?" echoed Mrs. B.

"You have been going to political meetings every night for five weeks, and if it had not been for you you would have worn your boots to bed every time."

"But just think how nice it would be if I should get nominated for something. Think of the loads of money I could rake in, and the nice furniture and new clothes and seal-skin coats and—"

"That will do," interrupted Mrs. Blaine. "I have heard this story before. You make a speech last night at a ward meeting, I see."

"Yes," responded Mr. B., with pardonable pride.

"And I see by the two or three lines notice of it in the newspapers, that the burden of your remarks was 'the office should seek the man and not the man the office.' Now just take off that overcoat; sit right down, and if any office comes along and knocks, I will let it in."

He sat.

A STRANGER sat in the corner of the car going to New York, in an easy attitude, his feet upon a large black trunk. The gentlemanly conductor going his rounds at the first station politely informed the stranger that there was no place for a trunk; it must be put in a baggage car.

To which the stranger nothing replied. At the second station the displaced conductor more decidedly told the stranger that he must put the trunk in the baggage car.

The stranger seemed to be perfectly indifferent.

At the third station the vexed conductor more imperatively told the stranger that he must put the trunk in the baggage car or it would be put off the train.

The stranger smiled perfectly quiet.

At the fourth station the irate conductor had the trunk put off and left.

At the fifth station, the mollified conductor, addressing the stranger, begged him to remember that he had done what his duty required, that he had done it only after repeated warnings, and that it was solely the stranger's fault.

To which the stranger laconically replied:

"I don't care a button; 'taint my trunk."

SMITH—"You have heard of B.'s failure?"

JONES—"No. Is it a bad failure?"

SMITH—"Liabilities about \$700,000, that's all."

JONES—"That's enough. What are his assets?"

SMITH—"Well, he is very much respected, teaches a class in Sunday school, is a deacon in the church, never drinks or smokes, his wife is a Hendrick Hudson descendant, his great-grandfather came over in the Mayflower, his mother once shook hands with the Prince of Wales, and his brother is an intimate friend of Lord Muntahed. Those are all of his assets, I believe."

JONES—"Those are enough. He'll pull through all right."

A GEORGIAN man hearing a noise like a rattlesnake in the hotel went into a friend's room and saw to his intense surprise five huge rattlers crawling around the room while his friend sat unconcernedly at a table writing a letter.

"Great Josphat, Jim!" he exclaimed, "do you see those snakes?"

"Snakes? What snakes?" returned James.

"Why, all around the room—there—everywhere."

"O, no," replied James, "not at all. I thought so myself at first, but I've had 'em too often to believe all I see."

He was seated across the room.

"George," she said, "if a fire was suddenly to break out in the house what would be your first impulse, do you think?"

"Well, my first thought would be for you, of course. I would get you to a place of safety, and then do what I could to extinguish the flames."

"That would be very nice of you, George, to think of me first; but if a fire were to break out now, for instance, wouldn't you lose valuable time reaching me from away across the room?"

"I don't know but I would," said George, as he changed his seat.

AUGUSTUS—Ah! yaas. I am well protected against the sun, ye know.

George—In what way?

Augustus—I, aw, have my hat filled with cabbage leaves, ye know; but d'ye know I couldn't use any cabbage leaves should be so good for the 'ye know."

George—Because that is what they were made for.

Augustus—Made for?

George—Yeas, their mission is to protect cabbage heads from injury.

A WORLDLY father, after the style of Lord Chesterfield, is giving good advice to his son, who is about to enter society.

"And, above all, avoid flirtations. But, if you must flirt or fall in love, be sure that it is with a very pretty woman. It is always safer."

"Why?"

"Because some other fellow will be sure to be attracted and cut you out before any harm has been done."

GALLANT Colonel P—, of South Carolina, met Annie G— on the cars. He left her before she arrived at her destination. "Good-by," he said, hurriedly, and kissed the astonished young lady.

"That's cool," Annie said indignantly.

"Then next time I'll make it warmer," replied the gallant Colonel.

"You are very late sending your evening male out," said the editor to his daughter when he came home at two in the morning and met a timid, shrinking young man between the front door and the gate."

"Not at all," answered the thoughtful girl; "Charles Henry is now a morning edition."

Chaf.

The only object the cyclones do not lift off the farms are the mortgages.

A Dakota editor advertises for 10,000 girls. Too much wealth always makes a man extravagant.

Why is a man roused out of his sleep like a silk hat in a storm?—Because his nap is disturbed.

Keep your mouth shut when traveling. If you are married don't open it too much when you are at home.

Gentlemen—"Been to see the picture gallery?"

Parvenue—"Gallery? I always go to the dress-circle!"

One very pleasant effect of the present cool summer is that the ladies have been able to keep their powder dry.

"Five thousand molecules can sit comfortably on the point of a pin." Herein the molecule offers materially from man.

"It is so quiet in the country," said Robinson, "that I've often lain awake at night and listened to the bed-kicking!"

A Philadelphia youth, who recently got acquainted with a girl who is dreadfully fond of lemonade, calls her his sour mate.

A Burlington mother has a special room for administering corporal punishment to her children. She calls it her box office.

There are various ways of becoming a man of mark; but the easiest and most effectual is to lean up against newly-painted railings.

"Crackey! but we are doing a smashing business," said a waiter at the West Brighton Hotel, as he dropped an armful of dishes.

One of the few boarding-house keepers who have grown rich in this city is called Mrs. Phoenix, because she rose from her ashes.

The man who prides himself on always speaking his mind is the first one to kick when he finds anybody exercising the same privilege.

When I see a fellow sifting two quarts of ashes, an' smokin' a ten cent cigar at one time, I know he'll get rich because he is so economical.

"John, what is the best thing to feed a parrot on?" asked an elderly lady of her bachelor brother. "Arsenic," gruffly answered John.

Young lady physicians are multiplying in Germany, and as a result it is said the young men are becoming more sickly than they used to be.

The Concord school of philosophy is called because it does not touch philosophy, it is not a school, and the members are never in concord.

At marriage the bride always meets her betrothed at the altar with gloves on, but after marriage she generally handles her husband without gloves.

An old lady, having seven marriageable daughters, fed them exclusively on a fish diet, because it is rich in phosphorus, and phosphorus is the essential thing in making matches.

"You ought to put a sign over that hatch-way," said a policeman to a storekeeper, "or some one will tumble into it." "All right," replied the merchant, and he tied one of his "Fall Opening" placards to the railing.

A chap from the mining regions, stopping at one of the hotels, sat down to dinner. Upon the bill of fare being handed to him by the waiter he remarked that he "didn't care 'bout readin' now; he would wait till after dinner."

The timely possession of a couple of bottles of ATALOPHOROS enabled J. E. Santam, St. Paris, Campaign Co., Ohio, to do quite a work as Good Samaritan in his neighborhood. He writes respecting it: "ATALOPHOROS has proved highly satisfactory to me. One lady who was confined to her bed with Rheumatism was relieved in twenty-four hours after beginning to take it, and has not had a return of the disease. Numerous inquiries have been made of me for the remedy."

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Quick Relief!

When a man has suffered from Rheumatism only a little while, and is relieved from his pain, he is happy and delighted. But suppose he has suffered for more than a third of a century.

Alvin Grim, of Yale, Iowa, writes: "ATALOPHOROS has helped me much. I pain in my limbs is all gone, but some stiffness is left yet, and well there must be, for I have been troubled for thirty-five years with Rheumatism."

Mrs. A. B. Baker, of Chicago, writes: "ATALOPHOROS has helped me much. I pain in my limbs is all gone, but some stiffness is left yet, and well there must be, for I have been troubled for thirty-five years with Rheumatism."

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Had rheumatic pains in her back for fifteen years,

and Mr. Baker had been the victim of Rheumatism until his head was drawn down over his left shoulder. Mr. Baker writes:

"Half a bottle of ATALOPHOROS has helped me as good as new. My wife has taken one bottle and she is completely cured. I have been troubled for thirty-five years with Rheumatism."

Mrs. A. B. Baker, of Chicago, writes: "ATALOPHOROS has helped me much. I pain in my limbs is all gone, but some stiffness is left yet, and well there must be, for I have been troubled for thirty-five years with Rheumatism."

There are many people who think that because they have suffered so long, and have tried so many medicines in vain, they must "suffer on their three score years." But you see what ATALOPHOROS has done.

However Old your Case:

However Severe your Pains:

However Great your Disappointments:

Try ATALOPHOROS!

If you cannot ATALOPHOROS, you must die. We will send you a bottle of ATALOPHOROS, price one dollar per bottle. We prefer that you buy it from your druggist, but if he hasn't it, do not hesitate to write to us, and we will send you one free of charge, but order at once from us as directed.

ATALOPHOROS CO., 112 WALL ST., NEW YORK.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

\$11.95 IN CASH GIVEN AWAY

Smokers of Blackwell's Genuine Bull Durham Smoking Tobacco will receive Premiums as follows on terms and conditions here specified:

\$500 1st Premium, \$5,000

\$400 2d " \$2,000

\$300 3d " \$1,000

\$275 2d Premium, \$2,000

The 25 premiums will be awarded December 22, 1884. 1st Premium goes to the smoker who has smoked and collected the largest number of empty tobacco tins prior to Dec. 15. 2d will be given for the next largest number and thus, in the order of the number of empty tins received from each, to the twenty-fifth successful contestant. Each bag must bear our original Bull Durham label, U. S. Revenue stamp, and Custom Notice. Bags must be done up securely in a package, with name and address of sender, and number of bags contained, plainly marked on the outside, and must be sent, charges prepaid, to Blackwell's Durham Tobacco Co., Durham, N. C. Every genuine package has picture of Bull. See our next announcement.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

WILL POWER CURES.

HUMPHREY'S HOMOEOPATHIC SPECIFICS.

These Specifics—Each number the special remedy of an eminent physician—Simple, Safe and Sure Medicines for the people.

1. Catarrh of the Bladder, 25¢

2. Catarrh of the Prostate, 25¢

3. Catarrh of the Uterus, 25¢

4. Catarrh of the Vagina, 25¢

5. Catarrh of the Cervix, 25¢

6. Catarrh of the Ovary, 25¢

7. Catarrh of the Fallopian Tube, 25¢

8. Catarrh of the Endometrium, 25¢

9. Catarrh of the Myometrium, 25¢

10. Catarrh of the Perimetrium, 25¢

11. Catarrh of the Amnion, 25¢

12. Catarrh of the Chorion, 25¢

13. Catarrh of the Decidua, 25¢

14. Catarrh of the Placenta, 25¢

15. Catarrh of the Umbilical Cord, 25¢

16. Catarrh of the Vagina, 25¢

17. Catarrh of the Cervix, 25¢

18. Catarrh of the Ovary, 25¢

19. Catarrh of the Fallopian Tube, 25¢

20. Catarrh of the Endometrium, 25¢

21. Catarrh of the Myometrium, 25¢

22. Catarrh of the Perimetrium, 25¢

23. Catarrh of the Amnion, 25¢

24. Catarrh of the Chorion, 25¢

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27. Catarrh of the Umbilical Cord, 25¢

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94. Catarrh of the Perimetrium, 25¢

95. Catarrh of the Amnion, 25¢

96. Catarrh of the Chorion, 25¢

97. Catarrh of the Decidua, 25¢

98. Catarrh of the Placenta, 25¢

99. Catarrh of the Umbilical Cord, 25¢

100. Catarrh of the Vagina, 25¢

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

WILLIAM LOOK,
Complainant's Solicitor and Counsel.

NOTICE is hereby given that a petition has been filed by the undersigned with the Clerk of the Circuit Court for the County of Wayne, State of Michigan, praying for the vacation of a portion of the plat of Garrison's subdivision of lots 4 (6), seven (7) and eight (8) of the Military Reserve, Dearborn, Wayne County, Michigan, and that an application founded on said petition will be made to said Court on the 11th day of August, D. 1884, for an order vacating the portion of Beeson Avenue lying north of the southerly line of lots four (4) and five (5) in block six (6), and also vacating a portion of an alley lying between lots four (4) and five (5) and lot six (6) in said block six (6), as shown on said plat.

J. LOGAN CHILMAN,
Defendant.

Dated July 28th, A. D. 1884.
HENRY A. BLOCH, Attorney for Petitioners.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

STATE OF MICHIGAN.—The Superior Court of Detroit, in Chancery.

At a session of the Superior Court of Detroit held at the Court Room in the City of Detroit on the 10th day of June, A. D. 1884. Present, Hon. J. Logan Chipman, Judge of said Court.

Emma Rosebach, Complainant, vs. Jacob Rossbach, Defendant.

It is satisfactorily appearing by affidavit of Emma Rosebach, the Complainant in the above entitled cause, that the above named defendant is not a resident of this State

